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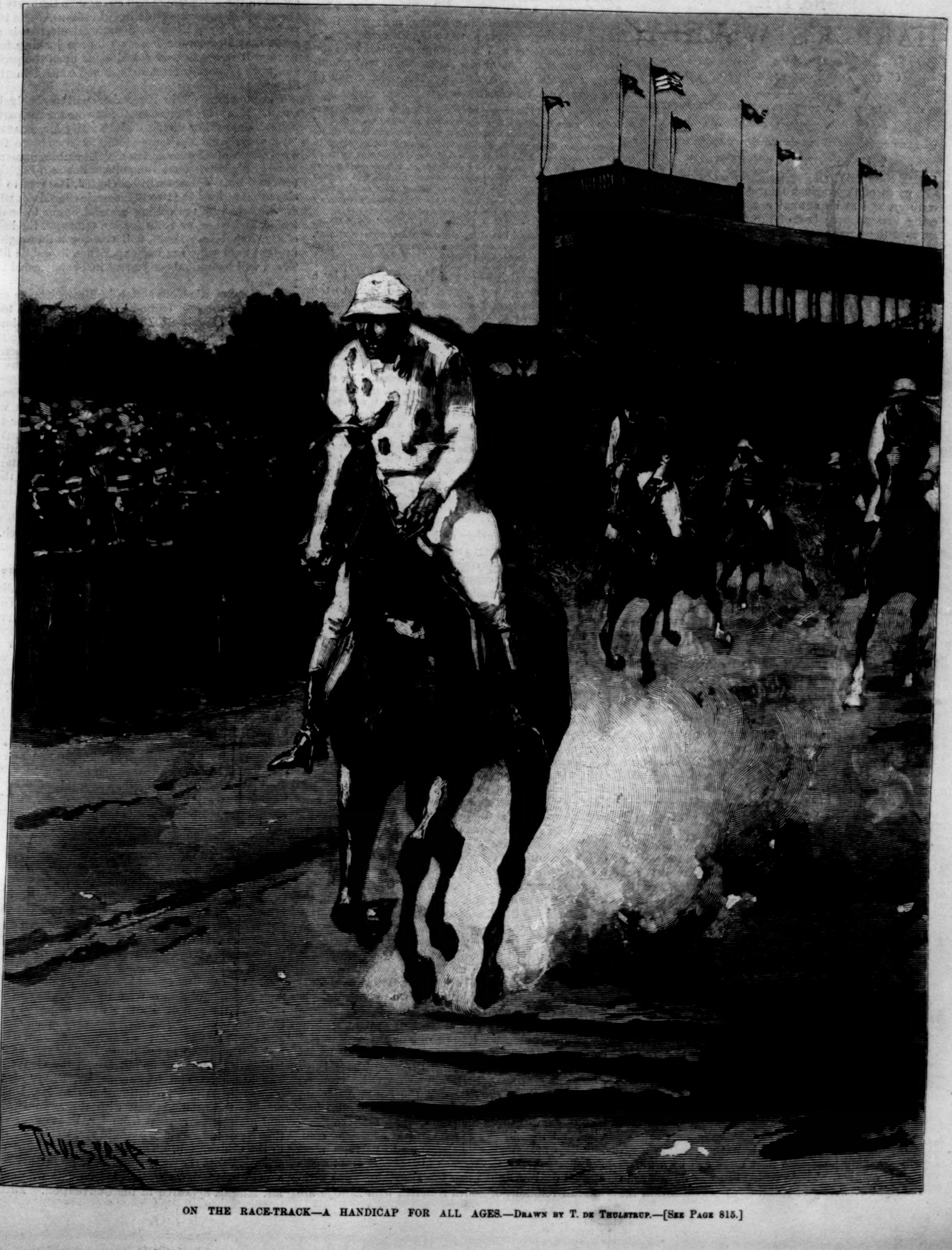

ON THE RACE-TRACK—A HANDICAP FOR ALL AGES.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 815.]

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is 'a joy forever' to the young."—*N. Y. Sun.*
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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for October 8th contains the fourth instalment of "The Red Mustang," by WILLIAM O. STODDARD, *with an illustration by* H. F. FARNY; *the sixth part of "A Day in Waxland," by* R. K. MUNKITTRICK, *in which this amusing and wonderful tale is brought to a close; and short stories by* MARY E. WILKINS *and* DAVID KER.

The principal illustration is one of J. G. BROWN'S *gamin pictures, entitled "Chums."*

"An Owl Romance" is a song, with music by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB, *and words by* MARION FAIRLAMB. *"The Last Look" is a poem by* MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, *accompanying a picture by* JESSIE SHEPHERD.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

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THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

THE National Civil Service Reform League is composed of the various reform associations in the country, and at its annual meeting, besides considering various branches of the general question, it surveys the condition and prospects of the reform movement. The membership of the League is drawn from all parties, and it is an absolutely non-partisan body. At the last national election both the Republican and Democratic candidates were supported by members of its General and Executive committees. Some who had voted for Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884, unwilling to condone what they held to be his betrayal of reform, voted for Mr. HARRISON in 1888. Others, notwithstanding his failures, holding that under all the circumstances nothing was likely to be gained for reform by Mr. CLEVELAND'S defeat, voted for him. But this difference of view as to the better alternative for reform at the election produced no kind of break in the co-operation of sincere friends of reform after the election. Nor has the fact of supporting Mr. HARRISON at the polls confused the judgment of honest reformers upon the course of the administration in fulfilling the promises of the platform and the pledges of the successful candidate. At the annual meeting last week in Philadelphia there was a perfectly free and frank expression of views, and the declaration of the League is undoubtedly an expression of the views generally held by the great body of citizens who are honestly and earnestly interested in reform in itself, and not as a cry to secure a partisan advantage. The declaration is moderate in tone, understating rather than overstating the truth, making no assertion which is not susceptible of proof, and expressing no opinion which the facts do not justify.

The League holds that political corruption is the immediate peril of the government, and that it is greatly fostered by the prostitution of the power of appointment and removal to mere partisan ends. This practice offers the vast emoluments of the civil service as a bribery fund to the successful party at every national election. This is a fund, at a low estimate, of more than fifty millions of dollars, and to abolish such a system of bribery would be to take the first step toward the arrest of the flood of corruption. The spoils system is a form of public approval of bribery, and while that continues with general consent, when one of the chief offices in administration is given, not as a recognition of public eminence or of public service, but as a reward for raising money to be used corruptly in the election, it is not to be supposed that honesty will be regarded as the first condition of political advancement. The paper read at the annual meeting by Mr. BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, upon the moral aspect of the reform movement was one of the ablest, most lucid, and conclusive expositions ever made of the fundamental principle of civil service reform. It was very brief, but it was so striking and unanswerable, resistlessly lifting the question to its true elevation, that it was received with enthusiasm, and will be issued immediately as a document for general circulation.

Consideration of Mr. BONAPARTE'S paper will show the most sceptical observer the explanation of the fact that despite the hostility of party machines and trading politicians, despite broken pledges and promises, official failures and surrenders, the reform sentiment advances steadily. The explanation is the moral basis of the movement. Its principle is that to use a public trust or office as a bribe or a reward is essentially immoral. It is not a question upon which among honorable men there can be a difference of opinion. There cannot be two opinions as to the right or wrong of cheating at elections, and the spoils system is merely a means of electoral corruption. Upon this point honest men can no more differ than upon the evils of intemperance. They may not agree that competitive examinations or a fixed tenure of office are the best means of correcting corruption. That is a question of method, and therefore of expediency. But that corruption should be corrected is not debatable. The principle of the reform is thus essentially moral. But its methods are questions not of principle, but of expediency. The most intelligent and patriotic sentiment of the country is constantly more widely and deeply persuaded of the evils which the reform movement would correct, and therefore its prosperous progress is assured.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

THE conference of American nations has begun. But no event involving the possibilities of large results ever aroused in advance less general attention. The assembly has been regarded with much more interest and even curious anticipation in Europe than in this country. It seems to be the European apprehension that there will be a commercial union of the North and South American states which will practically exclude other countries. The chief organ of the government in Austria says:

> "Europe ships a large part of its manufactures to South America, and our own Austrian producers well know the value of their Brazilian and Argentine customers, who purchase their china, glass, paper, fancy goods, shoes, and other articles exported to those countries. If those ports should be closed to us by tariff rates as high as those of the United States, a large part of our workmen, and a still larger part of German, French, and English laboring-men, would be in danger of losing their employment. There is, therefore, every reason for reflecting seriously regarding this matter, and for not dismissing it as being too far removed. It would be a serious loss to Europe if the politicians of Washington should succeed in uniting the whole American continent, not in a single free territory, but in a territory surrounded by insurmountable customs barriers."

The commercial interests of Europe are said by a prominent American diplomat to be hostile to the Congress, and to be endeavoring to prejudice it in the public opinion of Europe. That this is not an improbable statement is shown by a remark of Dr. VELARDE, one of the delegates from Bolivia, who, in an interview upon his arrival, said:

> "What Bolivia desires is the early development of her mines and agricultural resources. Our gold, silver, tin, and copper deposits are equal to any in the world. Our trade is monopolized by the British, and everything they do not want to see developed is dwarfed. They particularly oppose the working of our tin mines, because England has one of the principal deposits from which the world for centuries has been supplied. Our commerce is capable of far greater development than it has ever had. The United States enjoys but little of it. You might have nearly the whole of it if your merchants could obtain from your government the proper conditions in reciprocity with ours. We pray for the introduction into our country of North American energy and business methods."

South American energy and industry, two things which have been hitherto supposed not to exist, have made a very great impression at the Paris Exposition. The advantages of a commercial connection with the country have been made more evident than ever to the European mind, and the vision of a great American protective federation is naturally disturbing to it. We have hitherto mentioned the subjects proposed for consideration at the Congress. A system of uniform weights, measures, and coinage, an inter-state court of arbitration for disputes among American powers, a uniform tariff of customs duties, are the elements of an international alliance which would be an extraordinary power. But sentiment will play a very minor part in the conclusions of the conference, and there has been so little apparent interest in the Congress here, and so little important expression of public opinion, that our delegates may feel that they hardly comprehend just what the country desires or expects. But one fact must be borne constantly in mind: to be mutually advantageous, trade between countries must be reciprocal. Products pay for products. If we exclude the products of other countries, we prevent trade. It is certainly true that we must extend our markets. We cannot consume our own supplies, and the way to open markets is to promote trade. But to promote trade, we must facilitate it. These are familiar truisms. But they are necessary to remember as the Congress assembles.

The significant proposition for the Congress is that of a uniform American tariff. This would establish an American commercial alliance, and the intention is undoubtedly—if the subject has been much considered—to extend over the South American states the benign influence of our protective system, and to make the whole American continent one commercial country. The discussion of such a scheme would be interesting in the highest degree. There is, of course, no sentimental relation whatever between the North American republic and the South American states growing out of the fact that they are all American. The Brazilian and the Chilian and the Peruvian and the citizens of the Central American communities are much more strange to, us than most Europeans. But the remark of Dr. VELARDE throws a great deal of light upon the situation. The commercial relations of South America with Europe are not satisfactory. The circumstances open to us an opportunity of reciprocity which may be mutually beneficial. Now that the South American delegates are actually here, and are now travelling on a tour of observation through this country, we may hope when the Congress reassembles for better knowledge of the condition and disposition of our southern neighbors than we have ever possessed.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTIONS.

THE New York Democratic Convention was so largely a body assembled only to register the edicts of Governor HILL, and its action was so plainly forecast, that its proceedings have no other significance than as an illustration of the ascendency of the Governor over his party in the State. That may be to many Democrats a most disagreeable, but it is certainly an undeniable fact. It is one of great significance also, for it leaves little prospect of Democratic action in the State which will strengthen the party in the minds of sober and intelligent citizens. The importance of New York in a national election is so great that Democratic leaders who are looking forward will be apt to base calculations upon the probability of Governor HILL'S continued control in the State.

The popular vote in November will probably be small. Many Republicans will not vote for the party ticket because they do not wish to ratify Mr. PLATT'S "primacy," and the same feeling in regard to the dominance of Governor HILL will withhold many Democratic voters from the polls. But as a Legislature and State officers will be elected, it seems to be clear that at least the two Democratic candidates who are smirched by the ceiling scandal ought to be defeated, and whoever votes for Mr. GILBERT, the head of the Republican ticket, will vote for a thoroughly upright man who has had experience in public life. There will be undoubtedly great independence at the polls.

The Democratic Convention in Massachusetts was notable for the late eminent Republicans who took part in it. President ELIOT, of Harvard, Colonel HIGGINSON, and RICHARD H. DANA were among the Vice-Presidents, and SHERMAN HOAR among the active delegates. The spirit of the Convention seems to have been that of the Republicans thirty years ago—a spirit of honest conviction and progress. The face of the Convention, to use a phrase of Senator HOAR, was turned toward the morning. Its candidate for the Governorship is Mr. WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, who was the candidate of last year, renominated by acclamation. The platform declares strongly and at length for tariff revision. The Republicans are condemned for their broken pledges of reform, but the platform contains no declaration of its own upon the subject. The Massachusetts branch of the Democratic party is obviously very different from the New York branch.

THE COMEDY OF HARMONY.

THERE was an irresistible air of comic opera politics about the late Republican Convention in New York, and a certain artless innocence which, in "practical politicians," was very engaging. The great disappointment of Mr. WARNER MILLER and his friends under the HARRISON administration is well known, and the President's picturesque description of Mr. MILLER after his defeat last year, as lying where he fell outside the breastworks, is a current jest. Mr. WANAMAKER'S gushing declaration of love for Mr. MILLER'S prostrate and exposed form added to the public stock of harmless pleasure. But it could hardly have atoned to Mr. MILLER and his friends for the towering triumph of Mr. PLATT, who was not visible near the breastworks during the tremendous assault which occasioned Mr. MILLER'S recumbent position. Although an older ex-Senator than Mr. MILLER, and, so far as we know, without a single public service to point to, Mr. PLATT has been made the agent of the Presidential power, while the President has contented himself with a picturesque expression of sympathy for Mr. MILLER in his disabled condition. That the wrath of Mr. MILLER'S friends has been great, and that the desire to "get even with TOM PLATT" has been even a more active emotion with them than the desire to promote the success of the great party of liberty and humanity, is matter of common knowledge.

The Convention was at hand, and again Mr. PLATT swept the board and carried the delegates. Then a cloud of the size of a man's hand appeared on the party horizon. Mr. MILLER was very much engaged and could not attend the Convention. Mr. DEPEW had just returned from Europe, forbade free passes to "the boys," and would not attend the Convention. The ingenious and ingenuous Mr. PLATT was not dismayed. Upon an intimation that Mr. DEPEW'S absence meant discontent with the administration, and a rumored request from Mr. PLATT'S President that he would sacrifice himself, Mr. DEPEW appeared in the Convention. Then, upon a significant representation that the party could have no further use for a defeated and disappointed candidate who sulked, Mr. MILLER appeared in the Convention. Then the happy harmony of a reunited party, solely intent upon promoting its vast and beneficent purposes, and upon pitying the futile and ludicrous Democracy, was solemnly trumpeted to the country. It was the drollest of spectacles. Mr. Platt and Mr. Depew and Mr. Hiscock and Mr. Warner Miller all knew that the word discord was made to spell harmony. They all knew that the same harmony which has dominated the party since the inauguration was the harmony of the Convention, and that the fact of four men sitting together in a public hall and smiling pleasantly changes no feelings and no votes, and that everybody knew the situation.

The Convention, and the presence of Mr. Depew and of Mr. Miller, and the voluble felicitations upon harmony, were all part of Mr. Platt's triumph. The drollery lay in the innocent pretence that it was not so; in the amusing assumption that somebody would be taken in by the word harmony; in the idea that Mr. Platt represented noble Republican principle and policy, and that in celebrating his triumph the principle and policy were promoted. Could there be any pleasanter jest than demanding the purification of the public service in the name of Mr. Platt? Could there be any more striking illustration of the obverse of humor which is pathos than the spectacle of Mr. Miller rising from outside the breastworks, sitting patiently upon the platform for a few hours to make a Plattish holiday, and when all was over, and Mr. Platt's triumph was complete, retiring to resume his sad prostration upon the slopes? Was the whole scene more laughable or pathetic? Every actor in it knew that it was farce, and knew that everybody else knew it; and the height of the comedy was that the ticket nominated was so good that nobody believed that the apostles of harmony expected its election.

MR. GEORGE'S VIEW.

In reply to a remark of the Weekly that state socialism leads to Henry George's theory of land ownership, Mr. George replies in the *Standard* as follows:

> "State socialism does not lead to what Harper's Weekly styles Henry George's theory of land ownership. State socialism would treat land as it would the machinery of a shoe factory. It would take possession of the land on behalf of the state, and work it or build upon it under the management of the state. What we would do is to leave land, when not needed for strictly public purposes, in individual possession and to individual improvement and use, merely securing to all citizens their equal natural rights to its ownership by collecting from those enjoying the use of valuable land a sum equivalent to the value of the special privilege thus accorded them. And in this our prime object is not so much to secure for the community that value which attaches to land by reason of the growth and improvement of the community, as it is by breaking up monopolization to secure to all men that right of applying their labor to natural opportunities, and peacefully possessing its fruits, which is the most fundamental and important of all natural rights."

Mr. George also says that his argument for the public management of railroads or road-beds, telegraphs, water and gas supplies, etc., is not that it would fill the public treasury or relieve taxation. That might be an argument for public control of a pea-nut stand. Nor is it the argument of expediency. "It is that public control of businesses that are in the nature of monopolies is necessary to secure equal privileges for the citizens who use them to make competition between individuals possible." In illustration of the great wrong that a monopoly may effect, Mr. George says that twenty years ago, upon the faith of an agreement with the Western Union Telegraph Company, a daily newspaper was started in San Francisco, when, at the instance of other newspapers, the Western Union Company imposed a prohibitory tariff to prevent the new paper from using the wires. When Mr. George protested to General Orton, the president of the company, he replied that if the terms of the company were not satisfactory to him, Mr. George could lay a telegraph line for himself. This, he thinks, is an illustration of a possible and frequent abuse of power which results in the greatest injustice. "In short, when any necessary business becomes a necessary monopoly, and competition in it is impossible, then, in order to secure fair play to individuals, it becomes necessary for the government to step in."

It is upon the ground of justice, not of expediency, that Mr. George rests his advocacy of the single tax, holding that all men have an equal natural right to and the use of the element necessary to all life and labor; that there is an absolute right of property which attaches to the things produced by labor. Unlike state socialism, which would abolish competition, he would assure to all men equal opportunities and make competition perfectly free. Mr. George's views, always ably and clearly expressed, the universal interest in Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, the organization of the Nationalist Club, the discussion in Chicago of the question of furnishing proper school clothes to poor children, are all signs, not of agreement in theories of relief, but of dissatisfaction with the idea that government is a necessary evil. Mr. George, indeed, declares that he would carry the Jeffersonian ideas to their full development. He would remove all unfair obstructions, and then leave the individual free.

A PRICKED BUBBLE.

The late elections in France have pricked the Boulanger bubble. He has not enough support even to flatter his hopes that he might make a disturbance by returning to France and defying the government. His flight some months ago indicated upon his part considerable distrust of the extent and force of his support, and after this demonstration of his weakness the republic has little to fear from him. It has never been shown that he had great personal popularity or real ascendency. He was a convenient figure-head for a movement of discontent with the situation and a desire for a revision of the constitution. But his course has not commended him to any party as a leader.

The Boulanger episode, occurring at a time of remarkable paucity of eminent leaders in France, shows the increasing strength and solidity of the republic. Such a time would seem to be most favorable for an able and aggressive and ambitious man. But the value of order, and of lawful, not revolutionary change, is demonstrated with every year of peace. Frenchmen are acquiring the habit of self-government, and a country of small proprietors has in them a positive conservative class.

There is a party of constitutional revision in France, and the exact strength of that sentiment, as indicated by the election, is not yet clear. The revisionists, however, are not necessarily supporters of Boulanger. He is so evidently an adventurer, he is so utterly destitute of substantial qualities, that he could not secure the support of a serious party. There is no more interesting political spectacle than the progress of France toward a republic. Her own experience has constantly taught her that it is not a name nor a frenzy, but a fact requiring self-command, moderation, constancy, and obedience to law. As France gains these qualities, the French republic becomes more assured.

BALLOT REFORM IN THE ELECTION.

The prospects of ballot reform legislation in New York, like those of license, must be considered in the light of general knowledge and experience, and not of a platform. The movement is supported by many earnest Democrats, but it is more in accordance with Republican sympathies and traditions, and in New York it has a much more general approval from the Republican than from the Democratic party. Governor Hill's veto was not only the act of a Democratic magistrate, but it was that of a shrewd politician, who takes no decisive stand without the confidence of general party support.

The situation upon this question in New York is similar to that upon the license question. Nobody supposes that if a Democratic Legislature should be elected, there would be any legislation to secure ballot reform. But it is certainly very probable that in a Republican Legislature a reform measure would be introduced. The reform is so desirable, as a check upon corruption, that the prospect of such a measure would be a strong consideration in determining many votes. Like reform in the civil service, it is an important part of the attack upon the worst enemy of popular institutions.

The reformed ballot law will be tested at the election of this autumn in Massachusetts, and its operation will be watched with great interest. The secrecy of the ballot is one of the surest provisions against bribery, and it is one of the most conclusive arguments in favor of the Australian system of voting that it is so strongly opposed and ridiculed by all the political heelers of every degree. Anything which is denounced so lustily by the notorious traders in politics must be very honest and admirable. Repugnance to holy-water was always an unerring test of a doubtful personage, and the intrinsic value of a reform in political methods is proved by the character of the hostility to it.

THE "NEW SOUTH" AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

We recently spoke of the hopelessness of trying to reconcile the sentiment of the Southern States to the Republican party by putting forward as its representatives Messrs. Quay, Dudley, Clarkson, and Mahone. Sensible Republicans cannot suppose that their party is strengthened in the Northern States by the predominance of such leaders, and how can they imagine that an opinion not favorable to the party can be conciliated by such ambassadors? The Republican candidate for the Governorship of Virginia being General Mahone, the Republican candidate in Mississippi is General Chalmers.

Without referring to anything else, both of these candidates belong to a class of "rebel brigadiers" against which Republicans have warned the country as in some way its enemies. That they call themselves Republicans should not deceive any one who has been trained in suspicion of them as ex-rebels. On the contrary, the profession should be regarded as a mask behind which to deal more effective blows at the country. If, however, they are not to be opposed as ex-rebels, but must be considered as absolved from all rebel taint by a profession of Republicanism, then it is the Republican assumption that all Southern Democrats are by that fact still rebels, which is nonsense.

Apart from this, who are the persons who are to represent Republicanism to the "new South"?—General Mahone in Virginia, the author of the scaling repudiation, and in Mississippi General Chalmers, "the hero of the Fort Pillow massacre." Is there no Republican leadership left which knows that this is not the way to commend the party to intelligent and patriotic citizens in the Southern States? Men like Mahone and Chalmers cannot in any manner nor in any degree represent to such citizens that party of conscience, principle, and power which accepted the challenge at Sumter, and spoke in the magnanimity of Grant at Appomattox. That is the party, the representative of the distinctive character, intelligence, and force of the past of the country, which the new South would gladly salute. But that party, if it still exists, is no more represented by Quay, Dudley, and Clarkson than by Mahone or Chalmers. Yet these are now the conspicuous and controlling Republican leaders.

LICENSE IN NEW YORK.

No local or State question excites more general interest than that of the regulation of the liquor traffic, and it is the feeling that proper regulation is more probable under Republican than under Democratic ascendency which causes many voters to support the Republican State nominations who do not favor the Republican doctrine of extreme protection, and who acknowledge the practical Republican abandonment of civil service reform. It is impossible, with the experience of Republican action before us, to say more than we have said, that the probability of reasonable restriction is greater under Republican than Democratic auspices.

There is unquestionably a very much more positive restrictive sentiment among Republicans than Democrats. The Democratic tradition is that of the least practicable interference of government. "The best government is that which governs least." But the "temperance Republicans" cannot prevent the party leaders from playing with the question, and in this State they will go only so far as they think they can go without losing the beer vote. With the leaders it is not a question of principle, but of policy. Their inquiry is, How can we balance most advantageously between prohibition and beer?

The New York Republican platform of this year is vaguer than ever upon the temperance question:

> "The repeated efforts by Republican Legislatures to secure ballot reform and thoroughly practicable temperance legislation are proofs of the right purpose and good faith of the Republican party. No step backward will be taken, and we pledge our determination to persevere until salutary and adequate provisions of law on these vital subjects are embodied in the statutes of the State."

This means only that the question will be treated in a way to lose the fewest votes. The Republican reform vote went to protest in the national platform of last year. But the vote of intelligent men who honestly favor wise regulation of the liquor traffic and ballot reform will not be decided by a platform, but by the probabilities of the situation. If a Democratic Legislature should be elected, with Governor Hill in the Executive Chamber, there would be no progress in license legislation. In a Republican Legislature there would be a chance of it.

PERSONAL.

Henry Michael Angelo Grattan Cooke, known as the first oboe player in Europe, died recently at Harting, West Sussex, England, where he had lived as a recluse for twenty years. He was a son of Thomas Cooke, the English glee writer, and the first student to enter the Royal Academy of Music. He was a great favorite of Mendelssohn, who tried unsuccessfully to lure him to Germany. His wife, the "beautiful Miss Keillmorck," mentioned in the autobiography of Fanny Kemble, survives him.

—Miss Amy Levy, a Jewish writer of much promise, and a contributor to various British magazines, has just died in London, at the early age of twenty-seven. Her body was cremated, according to written directions left by her.

—The precious gems with which Mrs. Mackay decks herself are about as well known in Paris and London as she is. Among them is a flawless sapphire nearly half an inch in diameter, which is said to have cost $185,000; the finest emerald known to exist, for which a fabulous price was paid; an almost priceless set of rose-pink coral jewelry; and a pair of diamond solitaires valued at $400,000.

—John Burns, the English labor leader, who was especially prominent in the recent big dock strike at London, is only about thirty years old. He is tall, well-built, and full of force as a speaker and worker, while in the management of the cause of his friends he has frequently shown himself to be a clever diplomatist. He now aspires to a seat in Parliament, and if the labor vote of London were all-powerful, his ambition would be readily attained.

—Legacies to the amount of $9000, left by Benjamin Franklin and John Scott to be expended upon public improvements, have amounted by investment for nearly a century to about $110,000. Of this, $100,000 will be devoted to the erection of a large public bath in Philadelphia, while the remaining $10,000 will be laid aside for another hundred years.

—A lineal descendant of the second Lord Baltimore died the other day in the person of Mr. William N. Calvert, of Ashland, North Carolina.

—Probably the oldest printer living is Samuel Sands, who first put into type "The Star-spangled Banner" from the author's manuscript, and then distributed it through the streets of Baltimore. Mr. Sands began his career as a printer at the tender age of eleven, and was foreman of the office when only sixteen. He has been president of the Journeymen Printers' Association and also of the Employing Printers' Association, and is the only printer in Baltimore who ever enjoyed either honor. He has published several papers during his life, among them *The American Farmer*, one of the first agricultural papers in the country, and *The Freeman's Banner*, a Whig organ, in the first campaign of William Henry Harrison. Mr. Sands' health is good and his mental faculties undimmed, although he is in his ninetieth year. He recollects perfectly the bombardment of Baltimore in 1814.

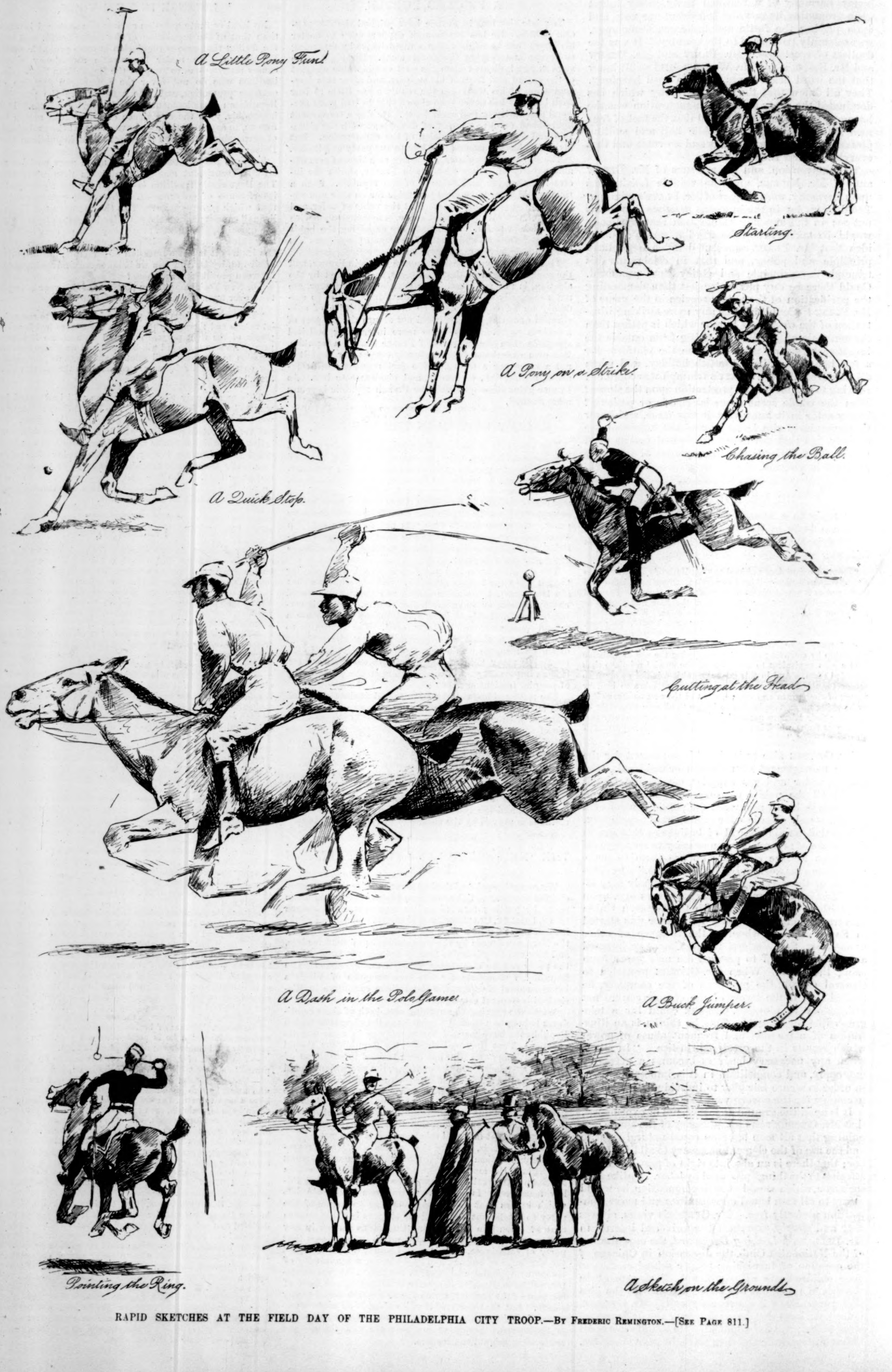
—The health of Allen G. Thurman is said to be greatly improved by his recent sojourn at the Virginia Hot Springs.

—Ex-Congressman William L. Scott is one of the few men who know how to go a-fishing. In the early summer days he hires a man to patrol the waters of Lake Erie, and locate half a dozen huge muscalonge, each measuring from five to six feet, and weighing about fifty pounds. As soon as the "stamping-ground" of one of these monsters is found, Mr. Scott is notified, and when convenient he puts off in a boat and trolls for the fish. Cornelius Vanderbilt is a recipient every summer of one of these specimens of big game.

—Assistant Secretary of State Wharton is a lover of base-ball, and in 1867–69 pitched for a Harvard nine. A broken finger-joint is among the scars he carries.

—"Mr. Hepworth Dixon," says the New York *World*, "when he saw Harper's Bazar for sale on Salt Lake City news stands, declared that polygamy was doomed. Whatever might have been possible in an isolated community, where women dressed in calico and sun-bonnets, plural marriage could not exist in company with fashion journals which set wives dressing against each other."

—Mr. George Bancroft celebrated at Newport on October 3d, amid a shower of congratulations from his friends, his eighty-ninth birthday. *The Life of Martin Van Buren*, which will be issued in a few days by Harper & Brothers, attests the mental vigor of the venerable historian. Though originally written on the prompting of Silas Wright many years ago, the manuscript has been thoroughly revised by Mr. Bancroft, and its preface announcing that fact bears date of September 2d.



A Little Pony Fun.

A Pony on a Strike.

Starting.

A Quick Stop.

Chasing the Ball.

Cutting at the Head.

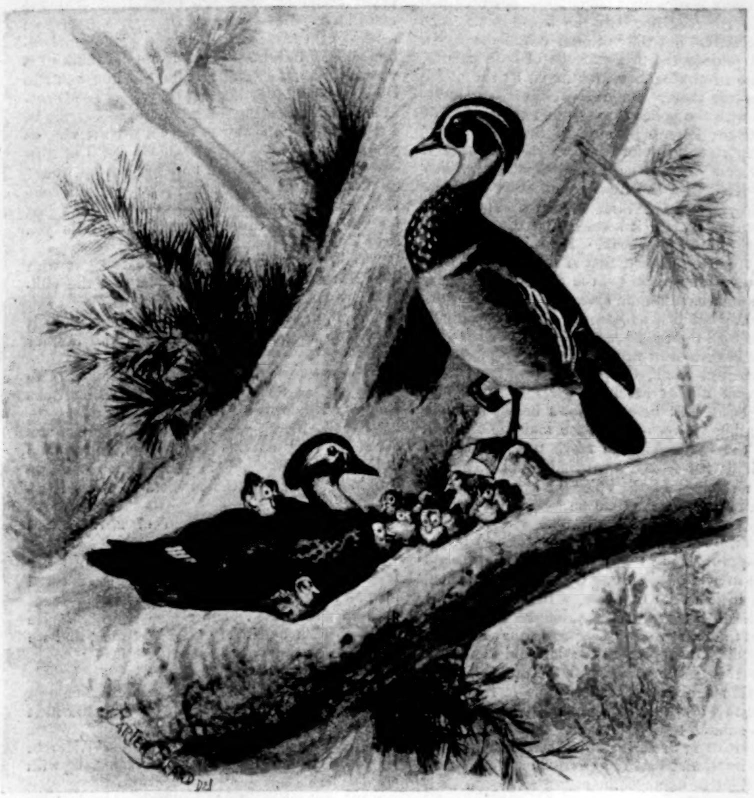
A Dash in the Pole Game.

A Buck Jumper.

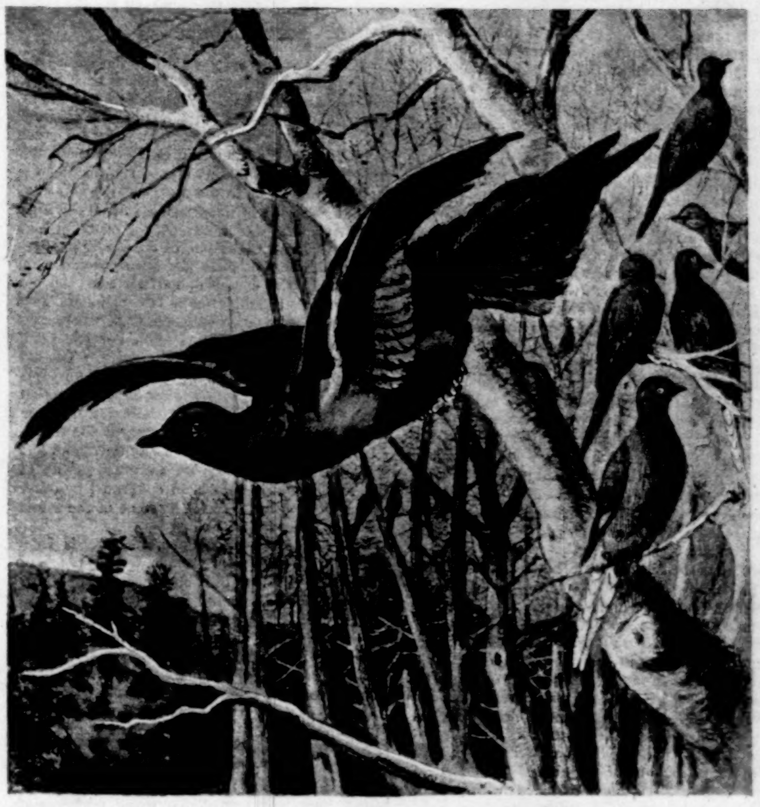
Pointing the Ring.

A Sketch on the Grounds.

RAPID SKETCHES AT THE FIELD DAY OF THE PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOP.—By Frederic Remington.—[See Page 811.]



WOOD-DUCKS—MALE, FEMALE, AND YOUNG.



THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

FOUR AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.

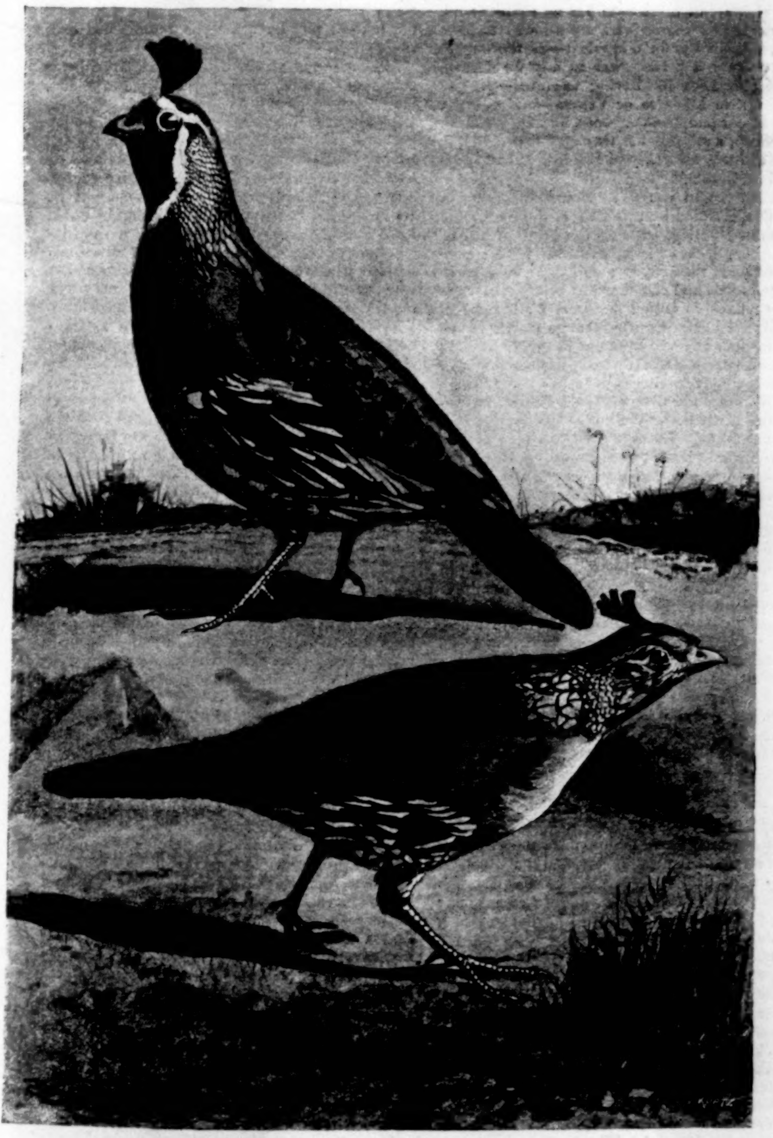
It is difficult for one who has not lived west of the Alleghanies, and whose memory does not go back a quarter of a century or more, to understand and believe the tales of early settlers in regard to the former plenitude of game birds in this country. None of these stories are more astonishing than those which relate how enormous was the multitude of wild pigeons that once overspread the whole eastern half of the United States. Their vast migrations—whence the old name-word *passenger* pigeon—seem to have been only partly connected with the changing of the seasons, for great bodies of them remained to breed in the far South, while others winged their way to the edge of the arctic tundras, and having reared their young on the shores of Hudson's Bay and in the valley of the Mackenzie, sometimes remained there to feed on juniper berries until midwinter.

The movements of these birds seem to have been determined, therefore, by the necessity of finding subsistence, and, like tramp harvesters, they wandered about from one part of the country to the other, seeking those districts where the supply was largest. Their food consists of all kinds of grain, berries, and such small "nuts" as they can crack and swallow—the fruit of the beech and the acorns of the live and other oaks being special favorites. Of rice they were fond; and if it now costs the rice-growing industry of the Southern States $2,000,000 a year to scare away the bobolinks from the growing fields during a week in April (as is stated by an inquirer for the government), what would have been the expense of cultivating rice under the clouds of pigeons which a century ago were wont to blacken the wild marshes of zizania, and never leave while a grain of the succulent harvest remained!

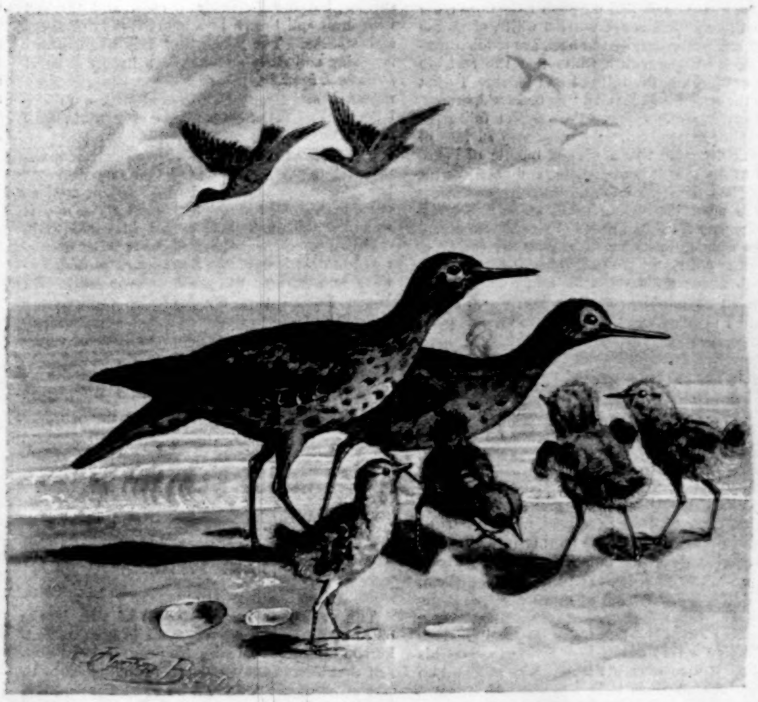
How enormous at times were the hosts of wild pigeons in the Ohio Valley, where mast trees were plentiful, has been graphically recorded in the writings of Audubon, Wilson, and the local historians. Audubon says that in the autumn of 1813 the air in the neighborhood of Louisville was literally filled with pigeons. "The light of the noonday was obscured as by an eclipse. The dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose." He travelled on horseback all day without getting out from under them, and it was after midnight before the rear-guard had passed. Computing their speed at a mile a minute, and allowing two pigeons to the square yard, he supposes that each column contained nearly 1200 million birds, a sum which had to be multiplied many times to get near the total. These masses, though so prodigious, seem to have been moved by a common purpose and united into a single army, divided somewhat into corps and brigades. They would roost and breed in one compact company, dispersing each morning in foraging squads of a million or so each, and often going sixty or eighty miles, but always returning at night.

The scene at the roost and the meeting-place was, in its way, unparalleled by anything else in the world. "When they have frequented one of these places for some time, the appearance it exhibits is surprising. The ground is covered to the depth of several inches with their dung; all the tender grass and underwood destroyed; the surface strewed with large limbs of trees, broken down by the weight of the birds clustering one above another; and the trees themselves, for thousands of acres, killed as completely as if girdled with an axe." The desolation thus produced, aided by the havoc made by the attacks of all the surrounding population, the birds of prey, wolves, weasels, hogs, and other enemies which gathered, and the eating up of all the food within a circle of a hundred miles or more, would by-and-by cause a sudden desertion of the place by the pigeons, which would troop off with their young to settle in some other tract of forest, no one knew where.

Though unmeasured hosts of this kind were never seen at the East, flocks of vast extent came to New York and New England and visited the forests of Lower Canada; but these were mere stragglers compared with the Western hordes. Now the clearing away of forests, especially of mast-bearing trees, and the incessant destruction of old and young which falls upon every accessible roost as soon as it is reported, steadily outreaches the increase, so that in actual numbers, no doubt, the wild pigeons have greatly diminished, while the remnant have been driven to the remote Northern forests in order to rear their young. Their splendid



CALIFORNIA QUAIL—MALE AND FEMALE.



SPOTTED SANDPIPER—MALE, FEMALE, AND YOUNG.

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.—Drawn by J. Carter Beard.

flight still cheers us now and then in autumn and spring, as in long bending lines these noble birds rush across the sky; and the sportsman and naturalist know where a few are always to be found in each of the forested States; but the glory of the tribe has departed with the disappearance of savagery in the land, and the passenger pigeon—the very image and spirit of exultant wildness—will soon be a rarity. Pigeon-shooting, nevertheless, can still be enjoyed in the Alleghanies and some other comparatively uncultivated districts, where they come in the fall to feed in the mountain glades. The weapon should be a rifle, though the strong flight of the bird taxes marksmanship, even when a shot-gun is used, if the gunner is willing to try to hit him as he spins away through the tree-tops.

Even less of a "game bird" than the wild pigeon is the spotted sand-piper (*Tringoides macularius*), *alias* teeter-tail, *alias* a great many other pseudonyms. He, too, is a bird of the woods, as well as of the sea-shore, and every river-side, all the mountain brooks, listen to his sharp rain-promising cry. Yet he is by no means shy of notice, and follows the creek confidingly into the farm-yard, or even the village, so long as he can find in it the rocky shallows that afford him good hunting-ground for aquatic insects and mollusks. They are not often shot, for the flesh has a fishy taste, except by boys who wish to practise upon their erratic flight, and so these little birds grow more numerous rather than less so as the country settles up.

Scuttling along with steady diligence, many of them go clear to the arctic zone and back every summer; but those that make this pilgrimage spend the winter in the Northern and Middle States, replacing the summer quota of those localities, which has gone to winter resorts in the far South. The nest is a mere hollow scratched in the sandy border of a salt-marsh, or of a fresh-water lake, or perhaps quite away in a corn field or old pasture; and it contains four top-shaped eggs, clay-colored, and blotched with sienna brown.

To protect these eggs, or the ridiculous little puffs of gray down mounted on stilts, which she proudly calls her babies, the solicitous mother, screaming *peet-weet! peet-weet!* in agonized tones, will throw herself before the enemy, one wing apparently broken and useless and a leg disabled, and will roll and flutter in a way to deceive the elect. You think she is wounded, and give chase; but she is able to just elude your grasp, and thus leads you to a safe distance from her treasures, when suddenly she gets well, and goes away like a shot.

In color this pretty little sand-piper is bronzed or brownish green, the wings crossed by a narrow bar of white, which also tips the outer feathers of the tail; the underparts are white, with many circular and oval spots of brown.

The whole set of local names, like "wag-tail" and "tip-up," refer to an action amusingly characteristic of this bird, which, when it alights, or pauses in its running along the beach or creek-side, begins at once to mince and teeter upon its legs, lifting and dropping its tail, and rising and sinking on elastic toes, as though perpetually courtesying a welcome to you.

While you are standing upon the bank of some forest pond or tree-bordered inlet of the sea, smiling at the good manners of the sand-piper, admiring the arrowy stroke of the blue kingfisher, or the graceful sweep of the bank-swallow as he turns to just ripple the water with his wing tip, the calm surface may suddenly reflect the brilliant image of a wood-duck, winging his way toward a hollow tree, on whose topmost stump perhaps a heron stands in statuesque pose.

Here is the most beautiful of our water-fowl, rivalling the birds of the tropics in the splendor of his attire. This is his description: The head is crested, and is iridescent green and purple, with parallel curved lines of white at the side of the head, and a broad forked white throat patch; the upper parts of the body are dark reddish brown, with bronze and purplish reflections; the breast and abdomen are grayish white, while the sides and lower part of the neck are reddish purple, each feather with a white tip; the feet are dull orange, and the bill red and black. To put into the list of game a bird "so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay," sailing through the verdant foliage of the summer woods, or over the glassy surface of a dark lily pond like a winged bundle of gems, and to say that it is easily shot and good for the table, is a sacrilege upon both nature and art.

The most interesting thing about the wood-duck, apart from its dress, is its domestic life.

As a rule, ducks nestle among the rushes or on rocky cliffs, and are very chary about attempting to alight upon trees, as might be inferred from an examination of their feet, which are ill adapted to perching. But a few in various parts of the world are exceptions, and among them our subject is conspicuous. The pair seek out early in the spring a blasted tree as near to the water as possible, and if they can find in it a place where a limb has been torn out, or a hole has rotted, or some excavation has been made by a woodpecker or squirrel, into which they can manage to squeeze their bodies, there they set up their home. The furnishing consists of a bed of sticks, dried weeds, and straw, covered with a thick layer of downy feathers, a large part of which is plucked from the mother bird's breast. The twelve eggs are buff-green and polished; and while the duck lays and broods upon them, the drake joins a band of other careless Benedicts, and takes a gay vacation until the young are able to fly, when he rejoins his family. This looks like a very unuxorious proceeding on his part; but a moment's thought will relieve him of the charge, since it is plain that so brilliant a chap hovering about his doorway would but serve as a sign to all marauders that there was plunder in toothsome eggs and ducklings to be had for the trouble of getting them, since the duck has small fighting ability. The best interests of his defenceless wife and family, therefore, are served by his keeping far away from the maternal hiding-place.

How the young are got down to the water from their lofty tenement was for a long time a puzzle, but at last Dr. C. C. Abbott supplied the information. The nest in the instance he observed was fully fifty feet above the water of a creek near Trenton, New Jersey. By climbing another tree Dr. Abbott could get a good view of the spot and see the young in the nest. Two whole days he watched without much result, but on the third his persistence was rewarded, for on taking his position he saw that some of the young had disappeared, and felt sure the others would soon follow. In the course of half an hour the old duck appeared, and after a few moments' rest squatted closely down upon the nest, whereupon a duckling quietly climbed upon her back and nestled closely between her shoulders. The old bird then walked slowly to the edge of an overhanging limb, and with a slow flapping motion of the outspread wings let herself down, rather than flew, to the water. The moment she touched the surface of the stream she dove, and left the duckling swimming on the water, quite at home. This has since been confirmed by other observers, and is paralleled by some of the arctic cliff-nesting sea-fowl.

The wood-duck is common, and breeds from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada. Over much of this space it is the only member of its family seen in the summer, and hence is known as the "summer-duck." It can be domesticated, and makes a charming ornament to the fancier's yard.

Bob White extends his Western wanderings no farther than the dry plains. If he crossed the Rockies to the Pacific coast he might visit cousins, who, perhaps, would act coolly toward him, remarking, as Californians sometimes do in regard to the rest of the world, that "he had no style about him"; for, though their dress is after the same pattern as that of Bob White, the sober brown hues and respectable white neckerchief which characterize him, are replaced in their case by far gayer colors if not of richer material.

There are two species of quail in California, one belonging to the mountain heights, and the other confined to the valley lands of the coast region. The latter (*Lophortyx californicus*) is by far the more common, and is the one usually alluded to as the California quail, though its home name is *valley* quail. This beautiful bird is about the size of the Eastern Bob White. Its general color is lead gray, the wings and back glossed with olive brown, and streaked with black and white in a very pretty way. The belly is orange, fading into buff and finally into white on the sides, each feather edged with black. These are only broad designations of color, which are varied and interblended in such a way as to make the bird one of the most striking and beautiful in our whole fauna. It is the head, however, that is his chief glory. The forehead is brownish yellow, with the shafts of the feathers black; across the top of the head, with its ends floating backward along the sides of the neck and edged with black, is a narrow filet of white, enclosing the light brown back of the head and nape; and from the crown of the head, within this brown patch, rises a bunch of tall plumes—sometimes two, sometimes five or six—which curve forward and nod with a proud and graceful motion of which the bird seems distinctly conscious. His chin and throat are black, margined with a white band, which starts at the eye and passes around the throat to the other eye.

The valley quail congregate in the grain fields and along the roads of the cultivated districts from the Columbia to Cape St. Lucas, sometimes in such numbers as to be a nuisance, but generally in small coveys, which remain together except during the breeding season, when the pairs separate to find secluded homes in the thickets. Their nests amount to nothing, and the eggs are not chalk white like those of the Atlantic coast species, but more creamy in color, and marked with drab and brown in a great variety of spots and streaks. The "song" of this quail, heard in spring and early summer, is a hardly musical *kuck-kuck-kuck-ka*, the first three notes rapidly repeated, and the last prolonged with a falling inflection. *Cut-cut-cut-me-too*, one writer represents it.

The rules of Eastern quail shooting do not apply well to this bird, which has a very different behavior when hunted. It does not lie well to the dog, but runs through the tall grass, and if wounded will use its last bit of strength in crawling into some gopher's hole or other hiding-place to die; hence dogs are trained to rush forward and retrieve the game as soon as it falls. When flushed, they are likely to take to the branches of the nearest trees and skulk among the foliage. This is more characteristic of young birds, however, than of older ones, which trust more to their swift flight. They are quite as difficult to hit on the wing as Bob White, and their flesh is equally good. ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FIFTH.

III.

THE strike made a good deal of talk in the office of *Every Other Week*—that is, it made Fulkerson talk a good deal. He congratulated himself that he was not personally incommoded by it, like some of the fellows who lived uptown, and had not everything under one roof, as it were. He enjoyed the excitement of it, and he kept the office-boy running out to buy the extras which the newsmen came crying through the street almost every hour with a lamentable, unintelligible noise. He read not only the latest intelligence of the strike, but the editorial comments on it, which praised the firm attitude of both parties, and the admirable measures taken by the police to preserve order. Fulkerson enjoyed the interviews with the police captains and the leaders of the strike; he equally enjoyed the attempts of the reporters to interview the road managers, which were so graphically detailed, and with such a fine feeling for the right use of scare-heads as to have almost the value of direct expressions from them, though it seemed that they had resolutely refused to speak. He said, at second-hand from the papers, that if the men behaved themselves and respected the rights of property, they would have public sympathy with them every time; but just as soon as they began to interfere with the roads' right to manage their own affairs in their own way, they must be put down with an iron hand; the phrase "iron hand" did Fulkerson almost as much good as if it had never been used before. News began to come of fighting between the police and the strikers when the roads tried to move their cars with men imported from Philadelphia, and then Fulkerson rejoiced at the splendid courage of the police. At the same time he believed what the strikers said, and that the trouble was not made by them, but by gangs of roughs acting without their approval. In this juncture he was relieved by the arrival of the State Board of Arbitration, which took up its quarters, with a great many scare-heads, at one of the principal hotels, and invited the roads and the strikers to lay the matter in dispute before them; he said that now we should see the working of the greatest piece of social machinery in modern times. But it appeared to work only in the alacrity of the strikers to submit their grievance. The roads were as one road in declaring that there was nothing to arbitrate, and that they were merely asserting their right to manage their own affairs in their own way. One of the presidents was reported to have told a member of the Board, who personally summoned him, to get out and to go about his business. Then, to Fulkerson's extreme disappointment, the august tribunal, acting on behalf of the sovereign people in the interest of peace, declared itself powerless and got out, and would, no doubt, have gone about its business if it had had any. Fulkerson did not know what to say, perhaps because the extras did not; but March laughed at this result.

"It's a good deal like the military manœuvre of the King of France and his forty thousand men. I suppose somebody told him at the top of the hill that there was nothing to arbitrate, and to get out and go about his business, and that was the reason he marched down after he had marched up with all that ceremony. What amuses me is to find that in an affair of this kind the roads have rights and the strikers have rights, but the public has no rights at all. The roads and the strikers are allowed to fight out a private war in our midst—as thoroughly and precisely a private war as any we despise the Middle Ages for having tolerated—as any street war in Florence or Verona—and to fight it out at our pains and expense, and we stand by like sheep, and wait till they get tired. It's a funny attitude for a city of fifteen hundred thousand inhabitants."

"What would you do?" asked Fulkerson, a good deal daunted by this view of the case.

"Do? Nothing. Hasn't the State Board of Arbitration declared itself powerless? We have no hold upon the strikers; and we're so used to being snubbed and disobliged by common carriers that we have forgotten our hold on the roads, and always allow them to manage their own affairs in their own way, quite as if we had nothing to do with them, and they owed us no services in return for their privileges."

"That's a good deal so," said Fulkerson, disordering his hair. "Well, it's nuts for the Colonel, nowadays. He says if he was boss of this town he would seize the roads on behalf of the people, and man 'em with policemen, and run 'em till the managers had come to terms with the strikers; and he'd do that every time there was a strike."

"Doesn't that rather savor of the paternalism he condemned in Lindau?" asked March.

"I don't know. It savors of horse-sense."

"You are pretty far gone, Fulkerson. I thought you were the most engaged man I ever saw; but I guess you're more father-in-lawed. And before you're married too."

"Well, the Colonel's a glorious old fellow, March. I wish he had the power to do that thing, just for the fun of looking on while he waltzed in. He's on the keen jump from morning till night, and he's up late and early, to see the row. I'm afraid he'll get shot at some of the fights; he sees them all; *I* can't get any show at them: haven't seen a brick-bat shied or a club swung yet. Have you?"

"No; I find I can philosophize the situation about as well from the papers, and that's what I really want to do, I suppose. Besides, I'm solemnly pledged by Mrs. March not to go near any sort of crowd, under penalty of having her bring the children and go with me. Her theory is that we must all die together; the children haven't been at school since the strike began. There's no precaution that Mrs. March hasn't used. She watches me whenever I go out, and sees that I start straight for this office."

Fulkerson laughed and said: "Well, it's probably the only thing that's saved your life. Have you seen anything of Beaton lately?"

"No. You don't mean to say *he's* killed!"

"Not if he knows it. But I don't know— What do you say, March? What's the reason you couldn't get us up a paper on the strike?"

"I knew it would fetch round to *Every Other Week*, somehow."

"No, but seriously. There'll be plenty of newspaper accounts. But you could treat it in the historical spirit—like something that happened several centuries ago; De Foe's Plague of London style. Heigh? What made me think of it was Beaton. If I could get hold of him, you two could go round together and take down its æsthetic aspects. It's a big thing, March, this strike is. I tell you it's imposing to have a private war, as you say, fought out this way, in the heart of New York, and New York not minding it a bit. See? Might take that view of it. With your descriptions and Beaton's sketches—well, it would just be the greatest card! Come! What do you say?"

"Will you undertake to make it right with Mrs. March, if I'm killed and she and the children are not killed with me?"

"Well, it would be difficult. I wonder how it would do to get Kendricks to do the literary part?"

"I've no doubt he'd jump at the chance. I've yet to see the form of literature that Kendricks wouldn't lay down his life for."

"Say!" March perceived that Fulkerson was about to vent another inspiration, and smiled patiently. "Look here! What's the reason we couldn't get one of the strikers to write it up for us?"

"Might have a symposium of strikers and presidents," March suggested.

"No; I'm in earnest. They say some of those fellows—especially the foreigners—are educated men. I know one fellow—a Bohemian—that used to edit a Bohemian newspaper here. He could write it out in his kind of Dutch, and we could get Lindau to translate it."

"I guess not," said March, dryly.

"Why not? He'd do it for the cause, wouldn't he? Suppose you put it up on him, the next time you see him."

"I don't see Lindau any more," said March. He added, "I guess he's renounced me along with Mr. Dryfoos's money."

"Pshaw! You don't mean he hasn't been round since?"

"He came for a while, but he's left off coming now. I don't feel particularly gay about it," March said, with some resentment of Fulkerson's grin. "He's left me in debt to him for lessons to the children."

Fulkerson laughed out. "Well, he *is* the greatest old fool! Who'd 'a' thought he'd 'a' been in earnest with those 'brincibles' of his? But I suppose there have to be just such cranks; it takes all kinds to make a world."

"There has to be *one* such crank, it seems," March partially assented. "One's enough for me."

"I reckon this thing is nuts for Lindau, too," said Fulkerson. "Why, it must act like a schooner of beer on him all the while, to see 'gabidal' embarrassed like it is by this strike. It must make old Lindau feel like he was back behind those barricades at Berlin. Well, he's a splendid old fellow; pity he drinks, as I remarked once before."

When March left the office he did not go home so directly as he came, perhaps because Mrs. March's eye was not on him. He was very curious about some aspects of the strike, whose importance, as a great social convulsion, he felt people did not recognize; and with his temperance in everything, he found its negative expressions as significant as its more violent phases. He had promised his wife solemnly that he would keep away from these, and he had a natural inclination to keep his promise; he had no wish to be that peaceful spectator who always gets shot when there is any firing on a mob. He interested himself in the apparent indifference of the mighty city, which kept on about its business as tranquilly as if the private war being fought out in its midst were a vague rumor of Indian troubles on the frontier; and he realized how there might once have been a street feud of forty years in Florence without interfering materially with the industry and prosperity of the city. On Broadway there was a silence where a jangle and clatter of horse-car bells and hoofs had been, but it was not very noticeable; and on the avenues, roofed by the elevated roads, this silence of the surface tracks was not noticeable at all in the roar of the trains overhead. Some of the cross-town cars were beginning to run again, with a policeman on the rear of each; on the Third Avenue line, operated by non-union men, who had not struck, there were two policemen beside the driver of every car, and two beside the conductor, to protect them from the strikers. But there were no strikers in sight, and on Second Avenue they stood quietly about in groups on the corners. While March watched them at a safe distance, a car laden with policemen came down the track, but none of the strikers offered to molest it. In their simple Sunday best, March thought them very quiet, decent-looking people, and he could well believe that they had nothing to do with the riotous outbreaks in other parts of the city. He could hardly believe that there were any such outbreaks; he began more and more to think them mere newspaper exaggerations in the absence of any disturbance, or the disposition to it, that he could see. He walked on to the East River: Avenues A, B, and C presented the same quiet aspect as Second Avenue; groups of men stood on the corners, and now and then a police-laden car was brought unmolested down the tracks before them; they looked at it and talked together, and some laughed, but there was no trouble.

March got a cross-town car, and came back to the west side. A policeman, looking very sleepy and tired, lounged on the platform.

"I suppose you'll be glad when this cruel war is over," March suggested as he got in.

The officer gave him a surly glance and made him no answer.

His behavior, from a man born to the joking give and take of our life, impressed March. It gave him a fine sense of the ferocity which he had read of the French troops putting on toward the populace just before the *coup d'état;* he began to feel like populace; but he struggled with himself and regained his character of philosophical observer. In this character he remained in the car and let it carry him by the corner where he ought to have got out and gone home, and let it keep on with him to one of the furthermost tracks westward, where so much of the fighting was reported to have taken place. But everything on the way was as quiet as on the east side.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1683.

Suddenly the car stopped with so quick a turn of the brake that he was half thrown from his seat, and the policeman jumped down from the platform and ran forward.

IV.

Dryfoos sat at breakfast that morning with Mrs. Mandel as usual to pour out his coffee. Conrad had already gone down-town; the two girls lay abed much later than their father breakfasted, and their mother had gradually grown too feeble to come down till lunch. Suddenly Christine appeared at the door. Her face was white to the edges of her lips, and her eyes were blazing.

"Look here, father! Have you been saying anything to Mr. Beaton?"

The old man looked up at her across his coffee-cup through his frowning brows. "No."

Mrs. Mandel dropped her eyes, and the spoon shook in her hand.

"Then what's the reason he don't come here any more?" demanded the girl; and her glance darted from her father to Mrs. Mandel. "Oh, it's *you*, is it? I'd like to know who told *you* to meddle in other people's business?"

"*I* did," said Dryfoos, savagely. "*I* told her to ask him what he wanted here, and he said he didn't want anything, and he's stopped coming. That's all. I did it myself."

"Oh, you *did*, did you?" said the girl, scarcely less insolently than she had spoken to Mrs. Mandel. "I should like to know what you did it for? I'd like to know what made you think I wasn't able to take care of myself. I just knew somebody had been meddling, but I didn't suppose it was *you*. I can manage my own affairs in my own way, if you please, and I'll thank you after this to leave me to myself in what don't concern you."

"Don't concern me? You impudent jade!" her father began.

Christine advanced from the doorway toward the table; she had her hands closed upon what seemed trinkets, some of which glittered and dangled from them. She said, "Will you go to him and tell him that this meddlesome minx here had no business to say anything about me to him, and you take it all back?"

"No!" shouted the old man. "And if—"

"That's all I want of *you!*" the girl shouted in her turn. "Here are your presents." With both hands she flung the jewels—pins and rings and ear-rings and bracelets—among the breakfast dishes, from which some of them sprang to the floor. She stood a moment to pull the intaglio ring from the finger where Beaton put it a year ago, and dashed that at her father's plate. Then she whirled out of the room, and they heard her running upstairs.

The old man made a start toward her, but he fell back in his chair before she was gone, and with a fierce, grinding movement of his jaws, controlled himself. "Take—take those things up," he gasped to Mrs. Mandel. He seemed unable to rise again from his chair, but when she asked him if he were unwell, he said no, with an air of offence, and got quickly to his feet. He mechanically picked up the intaglio ring from the table while he stood there, and put it on his little finger; his hand was not much bigger than Christine's. "How do you suppose she found it out?" he asked, after a moment.

"She seems to have merely suspected it," said Mrs. Mandel, in a tremor, and with the fright in her eyes which Christine's violence had brought there.

"Well, it don't make any difference. She had to know, somehow, and now she knows." He started toward the door of the library, as if to go into the hall, where his hat and coat always hung.

"Mr. Dryfoos," palpitated Mrs. Mandel, "I can't remain here, after the language your daughter has used to me—I can't let you leave me—I—I'm afraid of her—"

"Lock yourself up, then," said the old man, rudely. He added, from the hall before he went out, "I reckon she'll quiet down now."

He took the elevated road. The strike seemed a very far-off thing, though the paper he bought to look up the stock market was full of noisy typography about yesterday's troubles on the surface lines. Among the millionaires in Wall Street there was some joking and some swearing, but not much thinking about the six thousand men who had taken such chances in their attempt to better their condition. Dryfoos heard nothing of the strike in the lobby of the Stock Exchange, where he spent two or three hours watching a favorite stock of his go up and go down under the betting. By the time the Exchange closed it had risen eight points, and on this and some other investments he was five thousand dollars richer than he had been in the morning. But he had expected to be richer still, and he was by no means satisfied with his luck. All through the excitement of his winning and losing had played the dull, murderous rage he felt toward the child who had defied him, and when the game was over and he started home, his rage mounted into a sort of frenzy; he would teach her, he would break her. He walked a long way without thinking, and then waited for a car. None came, and he hailed a passing coupé.

"What has got all the cars?" he demanded of the driver, who jumped down from his box to open the door for him and get his direction.

"Been away?" asked the driver. "Hasn't been any car along for a week. Strike."

"Oh yes," said Dryfoos. He felt suddenly giddy, and he remained staring at the driver after he had taken his seat.

The man asked, "Where to?"

Dryfoos could not think of his street or number, and he said, with uncontrollable fury: "I told you once! Go up to West Eleventh, and drive along slow on the south side; I'll show you the place."

He could not remember the number of *Every Other Week* office, where he suddenly decided to stop before he went home. He wished to see Fulkerson, and ask him something about Beaton: whether he had been about lately, and whether he had dropped any hint of what had happened concerning Christine; Dryfoos believed that Fulkerson was in the fellow's confidence.

There was nobody but Conrad in the counting-room, whither Dryfoos returned after glancing into Fulkerson's empty office. "Where's Fulkerson?" he asked, sitting down with his hat on.

"He went out a few moments ago," said Conrad, glancing at the clock. "I'm afraid he isn't coming back again to-day, if you wanted to see him."

Dryfoos twisted his head sidewise and upward to indicate March's room. "That other fellow out, too?"

"He went, just before Mr. Fulkerson," answered Conrad.

"Do you generally knock off here in the middle of the afternoon?" asked the old man.

"No," said Conrad, as patiently as if his father had not been there a score of times, and found the whole staff of *Every Other Week* at work between four and five. "Mr. March, you know, always takes a good deal of his work home with him, and I suppose Mr. Fulkerson went out so early because there isn't much doing to-day. Perhaps it's the strike that makes it dull."

"The strike—yes! It's a pretty piece of business to have everything thrown out because a parcel of lazy hounds want a chance to lay off and get drunk." Dryfoos seemed to think Conrad would make some answer to this, but the young man's mild face merely saddened, and he said nothing. "I've got a coupé out there now that I had to take because I couldn't get a car. If I had my way I'd have a lot of those vagabonds hung. They're waiting to get the city into a snarl, and then rob the houses—pack of dirty, worthless whelps. They ought to call out the militia, and fire into 'em. Clubbing is too good for them." Conrad was still silent, and his father sneered, "But I reckon *you* don't think so."

"I think the strike is useless," said Conrad.

"Oh, you *do*, do you? Comin' to your senses a little. Gettin' tired walkin' so much. I should like to know what your gentlemen over there on the east side think about the strike, anyway."

The young fellow dropped his eyes. "I am not authorized to speak for them."

"Oh, indeed! And perhaps you're not authorized to speak for yourself?"

"Father, you know we don't agree about these things. I'd rather not talk—"

"But I'm goin' to *make* you talk this time!" cried Dryfoos, striking the arm of the chair he sat in with the side of his fist. A maddening thought of Christine came over him. "As long as you eat my bread, you have got to do as I say. I won't have my children telling me what I shall do and sha'n't do, or take on airs of being holier than me. Now, you just speak up! Do you think those loafers are right, or don't you? Come!"

Conrad apparently judged it best to speak. "I think they were very foolish to strike—at this time, when the elevated roads can do the work."

"Oh, at this time, heigh! And I suppose they think over there on the east side that it 'd been wise to strike before we got the elevated?" Conrad again refused to answer, and his father roared, "What do you think?"

"I think a strike is always bad business. It's war; but sometimes there don't seem any other way for the working-men to get justice. They say that sometimes strikes do raise the wages, after a while."

"Those lazy devils were paid enough already," shrieked the old man. "They got two dollars a day. How much do you think they ought to 'a' got? Twenty?"

Conrad hesitated, with a beseeching look at his father. But he decided to answer. "The men say that with partial work, and fines, and other things, they get sometimes a dollar, and sometimes ninety cents a day."

"They lie, and you *know* they lie," said his father, rising and coming toward him. "And what do you think the upshot of it all will be, after they've ruined business for another week, and made people hire hacks, and stolen the money of honest men? How is it going to end?"

"They will have to give in."

"Oh, give in, heigh! And what will you say *then*, I should like to know? How will you feel about it then? Speak!"

"I shall feel as I do now. I know you don't think that way, and I don't blame you—or anybody. But if I have got to say how I shall feel, why, I shall feel sorry they didn't succeed, for I believe they have a righteous cause, though they go the wrong way to help themselves."

His father came close to him, his eyes blazing, his teeth set. "Do you *dare* to say that to me?"

"Yes. I can't help it. I pity them; my whole heart is with those poor men."

"You impudent puppy!" shouted the old man. He lifted his hand and struck his son in the face. Conrad caught his hand with his own left, and while the blood began to trickle from a wound that Christine's intaglio ring had made in his temple, he looked at him with a kind of grieving wonder, and said, "Father!"

The old man wrenched his fist away, and ran out of the house. He remembered his address now, and he gave it as he plunged into the coupé. He trembled with his evil passion, and glared out of the windows at the passers as he drove home; he only saw Conrad's mild, grieving, wondering eyes, and the blood slowly trickling from the wound in his temple.

Conrad went to the neat set-bowl in Fulkerson's comfortable room, and washed the blood away, and kept bathing the wound with the cold water till it stopped bleeding. The cut was not deep, and he thought he would not put anything on it. After a while he locked up the office, and started out, he hardly knew where. But he walked on, in the direction he had taken, till he found himself in Union Square, on the pavement in front of Brentano's. It seemed to him that he heard some one calling gently to him, "Mr. Dryfoos!"

V.

Conrad looked confusedly around, and the same voice said again, "Mr. Dryfoos!" and he saw that it was a lady speaking to him from a coupé beside the curbing, and then he saw that it was Miss Vance.

She smiled when he gave signs of having discovered her, and came up to the door of her carriage. "I am so glad to meet you. I have been longing to talk to somebody; nobody seems to feel about it as I do. Oh, isn't it horrible? *Must* they fail? I saw cars running on all the lines as I came across; it made me sick at heart. *Must* those brave fellows give in? And everybody seems to hate them so—I can't bear it." Her face was estranged with excitement, and there were traces of tears on it. "You must think me almost crazy to stop you in the street this way; but when I caught sight of you I had to speak. I knew you would sympathize—I knew you would feel as I do. Oh, how can anybody help honoring those poor men for standing by one another as they do? They are risking all they have in the world for the sake of justice! Oh, they are true heroes! They are staking the bread of their wives and children on the dreadful chance they've taken! But no one seems to understand it. No one seems to see that they are willing to suffer more now that other poor men may suffer less hereafter. And those wretched creatures that are coming in to take their places—those traitors."

"We can't blame them for wanting to earn a living, Miss Vance," said Conrad.

"No, no! I don't blame them. Who am I, to do such a thing? It's *we*—people like me, of my class—who make the poor betray one another. But this dreadful fighting—this hideous paper is full of it!" She held up an extra, crumpled with her nervous reading. "Can't something be done to stop it? Don't you think that if some one went among them, and tried to make them see how perfectly hopeless it was to resist the companies, and drive off the new men, he might do some good? I have wanted to go and try it; but I am a woman, and I mustn't! I shouldn't be afraid of the strikers, but I'm afraid of what people would say!" Conrad kept pressing his handkerchief to the cut in his temple, which he thought might be bleeding, and now she noticed this. "Are you hurt, Mr. Dryfoos? You look so pale."

"No, it's nothing—a little scratch I've got."

"Indeed you look pale. Have you a carriage? How will you get home? Will you get in here with me, and let me drive you?"

"No, no," said Conrad, smiling at her excitement. "I'm perfectly well—"

"And you don't think I'm foolish and wicked for stopping you here, and talking in this way? But I know you feel as I do!"

"Yes, I feel as you do. You are right—right in every way. I mustn't keep you. Good-by." He stepped back to bow, but she put her beautiful hand out of the window, and when he took it she wrung his hand hard.

"Thank you, thank you! You are good, and you are just! But no one can do anything. It's useless!"

The type of irreproachable coachman on the box, whose respectability had suffered through the strange behavior of his mistress in this interview, drove quickly off at her signal, and Conrad stood a moment looking after the carriage. His heart was full of joy; it leaped; he thought it would burst. As he turned to walk away it seemed to him as if he mounted upon the air. The trust she had shown him, the praise she had given him; that crush of the hand: he hoped nothing, he formed no idea from it, but it all filled him with love that cast out the pain and shame he had been suffering. He believed that he could never be unhappy any more; the hardness that was in his mind toward his father went out of it; he saw how sorely he had tried him; he grieved that he had done it; but the means, the difference of his feeling about the cause of their quarrel, he was solemnly glad of that since she shared it. He was only sorry for his father. "Poor father!" he said under his breath as he went along. He explained to her about his father in his reverie, and she pitied his father too.

He was walking over toward the west side, aimlessly at first, and then at times with the longing to do something to save those mistaken men from themselves, forming itself into a purpose. Was not that what she meant, when she bewailed her woman's helplessness? She must have wished him to try if he, being a man, could not do something; or if she did not, still he would try; and if she heard of it, she would recall what she had said, and would be glad he had understood her so. Thinking of her pleasure in what he was going to do, he forgot almost what it was; but when he came to a street-car track he remembered it, and looked up and down to see if there were any turbulent gathering of men, whom he might mingle with and help to keep from violence. He saw none anywhere; and then suddenly, as if at the same moment, for in his exalted mood all events had a dream-like simultaneity, he stood at the corner of an avenue, and in the middle of it, a little way off, was a street car, and around the car a tumult of shouting, cursing, struggling men. The driver was lashing his horses forward, and a policeman was at their heads, with the conductor, pulling them; stones, clubs, brick-bats hailed upon the car, the horses, the men trying to move them. The mob closed upon them in a body, and then a patrol-wagon whirled up from the other side, and a squad of policemen leaped out, and began to club the rioters. Conrad could see how they struck them under the rims of their hats; the blows on their skulls sounded as if they had fallen on stone; the rioters ran in all directions.

One of the officers rushed up toward the corner where Conrad stood, and then he saw at his side a tall old man with a long white beard. He was calling out at the policeman: "Ah yes! Glup the strikerss—gif it to them! Why don't you co and glup the bresidents that insoalt your lawss, and gick your Boart of Arpidration out-of-toors? Glup the strikerss—they cot no friendts! They cot no money to pribe you, to dreat you!"

The officer whirled his club, and the old man threw his left arm up to shield his head. Conrad recognized Lindau, and now he saw the empty sleeve dangle in the air, over the stump of his wrist. He heard a shot in that turmoil beside the car, and something seemed to strike him in the breast. He was going to say to the policeman, "Don't strike him! He's an old soldier! You see he has no hand!" but he could not speak, he could not move his tongue. The policeman stood there; he saw his face: it was not bad, not cruel; it was like the face of a statue, fixed, perdurable; a mere image of irresponsible and involuntary authority. Then Conrad fell forward, pierced through the heart by that shot fired from the car.

March heard the shot as he scrambled out of his car, and at the same moment he saw Lindau drop under the club of the policeman, who left him where he fell, and joined the rest of the squad in pursuing the rioters. The fighting round the car in the avenue ceased; the driver whipped his horses into a gallop, and the place was left empty.

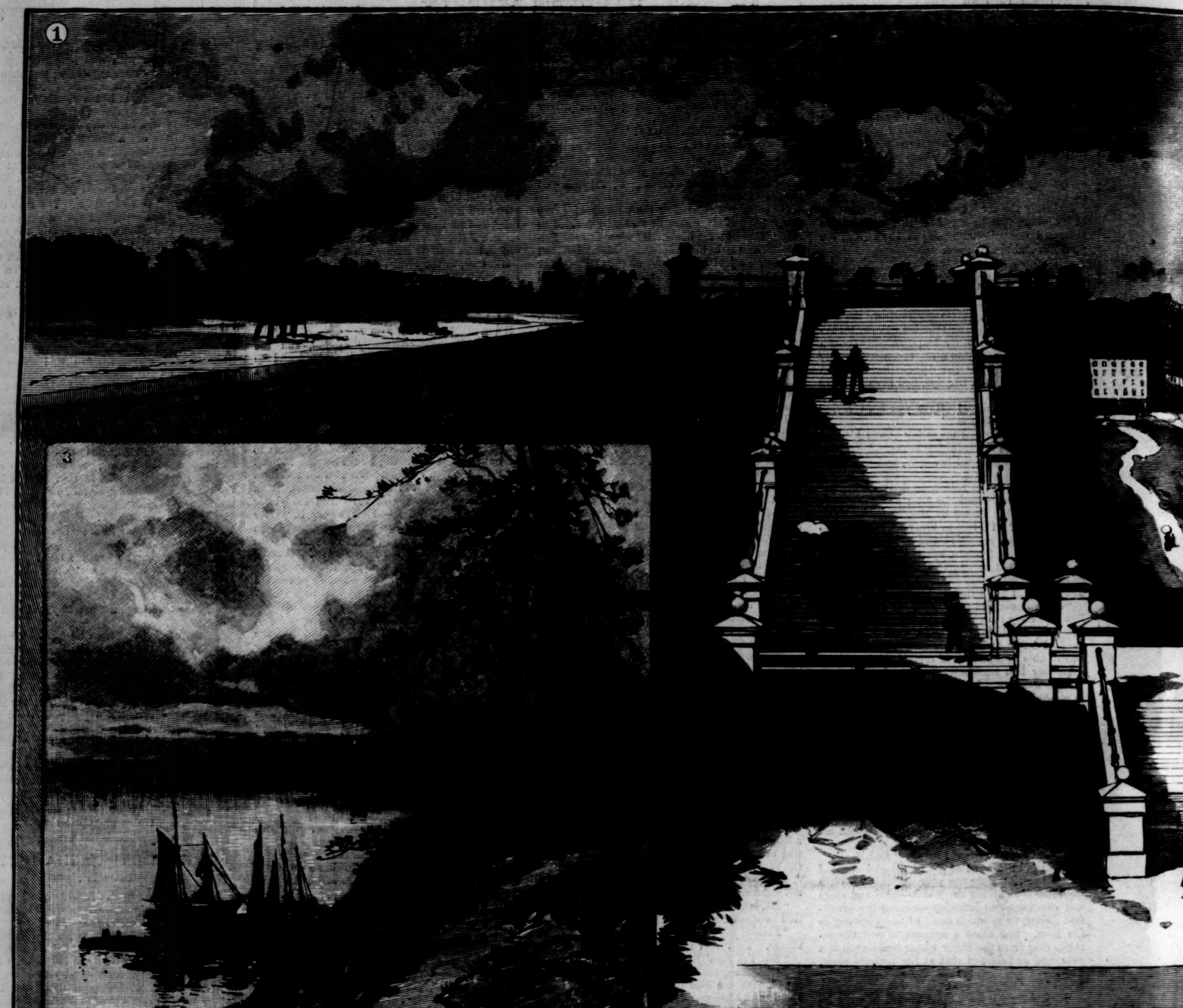
March would have liked to run; he thought how his wife had implored him to keep away from the rioting; but he could not have left Lindau lying there if he would. Something stronger than his will drew him to the spot, and there he saw Conrad dead beside the old man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILADELPHIA CITY TROOP.

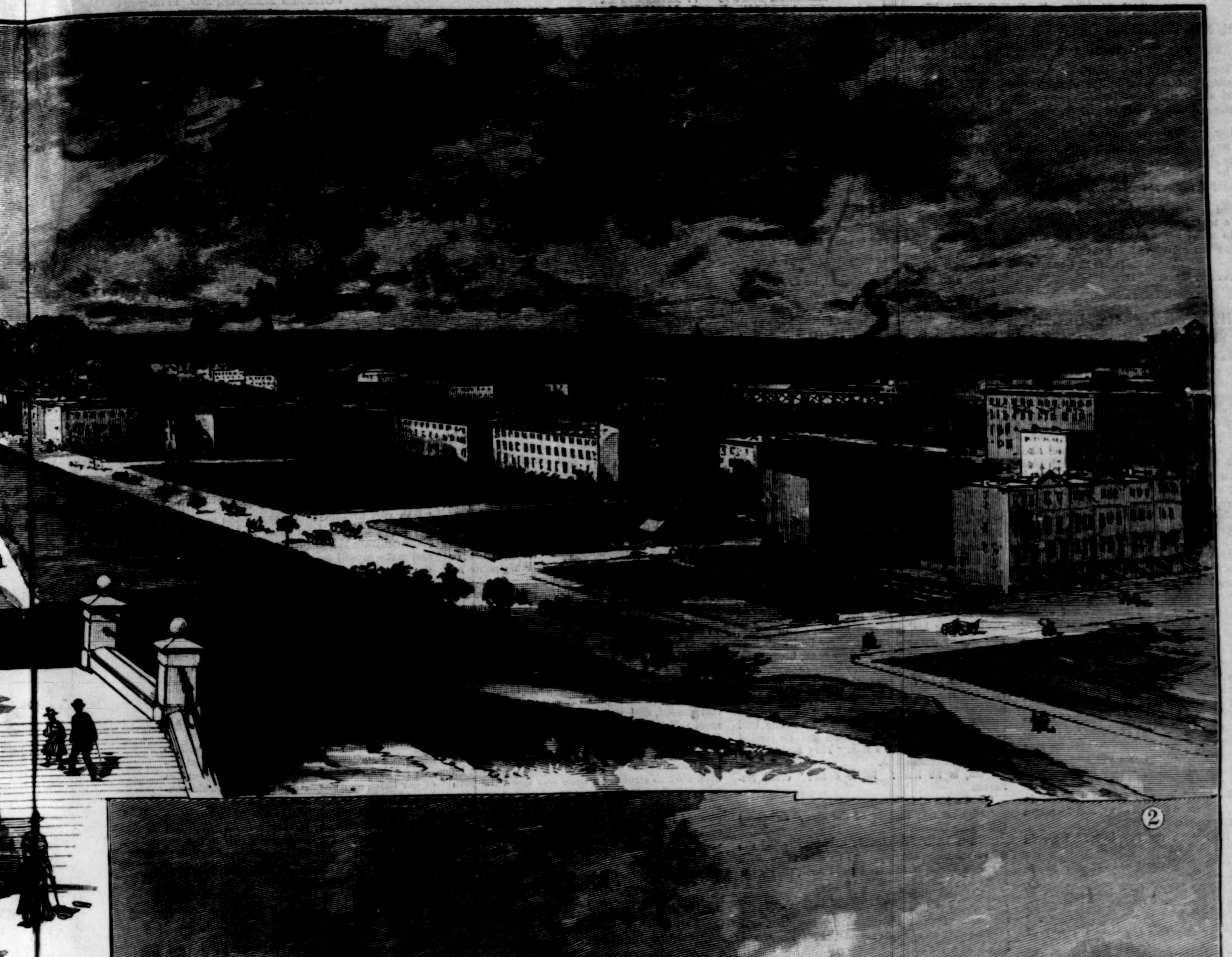
THE annual outing and races of the First City Troop, of Philadelphia, on Thursday, October 3d, were interesting, not only as showing the care with which this old organization maintains the cavalry practice begun by it in Washington's time, but also as giving some indication of the horsemanship of various cavalry and sporting organizations of Philadelphia and New York. To the New-Yorkers present the chief interest lay in the performance of the members of the Essex County Country Club, of Orange, New Jersey, which is composed almost entirely of New York city people who have country places near Orange. The results of the contests in which the Essex men were engaged added greatly, it may be assumed, to the pleasure of the visitors. The first and chief event on the programme was a match game of polo between teams of the City Troop and the Essex County Country Club. Only two games were necessary to decide this contest, the Essex team winning by a score of 12 to 1. The members of the City Troop might, if they chose, take some consolation from this defeat by claiming that polo is not strictly a cavalry evolution. The head-cutting contest was more in their line, however, and they had it all to themselves. In this they showed commendable proficiency, although the heads attacked were inanimate blocks, and not the actual heads of a contending enemy. Persons who know the troopers well have no doubt of their genuine fighting qualities should occasion demand active operations in the field. It is only just that this necessarily dormant characteristic of the troop should have proper consideration, as the general public is too ready to give it credit for social attainments only. In the war of the Revolution the troop was publicly commended by Washington for its fighting ability, as demonstrated in several battles. As in many cases membership in the troop has been handed down from father to son, it is quite natural that the present troopers should have a good stock of fighting ability. That they are genuine soldiers in discipline, at least, was fully shown by them in the camps of the Pennsylvania State Militia both this year and last year, when the troop, which is a regular part of the National Guard, was subject to the same orders as the rugged regiments from the mining regions were called upon to obey. The troop's discipline, it may be said, extends even to the taking of tips by orderlies or privates. It often happens when the troop is on duty that some wealthy and socially distinguished Philadelphian will be called upon to hold an officer's horse, in return for which he will receive a tip of a dime with all due thanks and outward humility.

In addition to the two events already named, the programme for the day was made up of various races between horses from the City Troop, the Essex County Country Club, the Philadelphia Polo Club, and the Hunt clubs of Philadelphia. About three thousand spectators were present.



VIEWS OF THE PROPOSED SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONA

1. From Morningside Terrace, looking Northeast. 2. From Mor



ONAL EXHIBITION OF 1892.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 819.]

Morningside to Central Park. 3. Up the Hudson from Riverside Park.

ROUND THE RED CLOVER.

DEDICATED TO A FERTILE BEE.

HOVER, bee-rover, over the clover
(Sweet clinging feet are like lips of a lover)—
Over and under, under and over,
Round the red clover, dallying, hover.

Balmy her breath, brave sweet-scented clover.
"Seek me," she saith, "come seek me, bold lover!"
Blindly he beats. "Ah! under or over,
Fain would I follow," he murmurs above her.

Secret and true is the heart of the clover;
Lightly a maiden laughs out at a lover.
Vainly to move her he strives. O bee-rover,
Round the red clover hover forever!

D. H. R. GOODALE.

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

SUSANNA came down the path whistling. This, of course, was not at all as it should be, for Susanna understood herself to be a young lady, and was, moreover, a school-mistress, and therefore bound at all times to conduct herself as a shining example. In extenuation it may be said that there was no one within sight, and that she had a high opinion of her own whistling, and liked to hear it, as well she might, for though clear and high, it was also sweet and true. But where the brook crossed the way, right in the shadow of a tall rock, stood a young lawyer from Philadelphia, who appreciated but one quality of this musical performance, and that was its volume.

"Good heavens!" he cried, impatiently, to the boy who lounged on the grass beside him, "is that a woman making all that noise? She raises racket enough to scare a whale, let alone a trout."

Then Susanna drew nearer, and paused a moment on the other side of the rock, and as she watched the rapids and eddies in the chattering stream she whistled higher and higher, with a great deal of vigor and spirit and many charming and unexpected variations. But the fisherman admired the variations no more than the original melody, and looked ruefully at his hook, which had come back to him empty. For half an hour after the unconscious disturber of his peace had gone on her way rejoicing in the delights of harmony he continued to cast his line over the rippling waters; but the trout, which had been snapping eagerly all the morning, had deserted in a body.

"Well, Johnny," he said at last, "let us go home. The fish have all run away, and we might as well follow their example."

"Music isn't good for fish, is it?" inquired Johnny.

"Seems to be particularly bad for 'em," grumbled his companion.

Miss Susanna's always been pretty proud of her whistlin'," remarked Johnny. "You didn't seem to think much of it, though. Maybe the Philadelphia ladies aren't much in the way of whistlin'."

"Well, to tell you the truth, Johnny, the Philadelphia ladies *aren't* much in the way of whistling on the thoroughfares. Ladies have different ways in different parts of the world. This, it appears, is a Cateraugus way. Come on; let's get home."

But Susanna boarded with Johnny's parents, and that night the treacherous boy rehearsed, with much dramatic expression, all the comments of the fisherman on the young lady's musical performance. The school-mistress grew crimson, for she was shy of exhibiting her talents, and the remarks of her unknown auditor struck her as eminently unsympathetic. She experienced for him on the spot a violent dislike, and as an expert in zoology can build up from one little bone the complete skeleton of some extinct animal, so did she, from these few observations, speedily construct for their author a whole character, and that of a truly unattractive kind. She briefly congratulated Johnny that, as the visitor had only come into the country for a few weeks' hunting and fishing, his own services as guide could not be long required.

But it was not more than a week after she had so disturbed the fish that Susanna again interfered with the stranger's pursuit of happiness. She was proceeding at a good brisk pace through a lane which, besides being unfrequented, was also stony, and as she tripped along, her boot hit one of the pebbles and sent it spinning forward on the grassy track. She, being still young, dealt it another smart little blow with her foot when she caught up with it, and even gave a gay laugh as she captured it after it had rolled to one side, and again sent it whirling before her. This would have been a small matter, had she not just then raised her eyes and seen in the field in front of her the critic of her musical performance just lifting his gun to his shoulder, and apparently staring straight at her. Susanna reddened, for she remembered perfectly his remarks about Cateraugus ladies, but she scorned any attempt to escape the consequences of her own rash act. He had seen her kick the pebble once, and never should he suspect her of altering her conduct to suit his supercilious tastes. Therefore, with a little extra dash, she once more gave it a sharp hit, and this time it landed right at the crooked toes of a quail, which flew up and away out of sight, followed by all the bevy. Then, at last, Susanna let the stone alone, and, with head high in air and a composed and haughty mien, marched past the discomfited sportsman.

"Well," he muttered to himself, "this is too much. Here, Johnny, you can come on now. Your favorite Cateraugus lady has driven off the birds. Do all the ladies in Cateraugus kick stones before them along the highway, Johnny? Or is it a peculiar accomplishment of this one special lady, who seems, indeed, to be highly gifted?"

These observations also did Johnny retail that very night, and Susanna, whose conscience had pricked her about the birds, and whose vanity had pricked her about the pebble, was properly displeased at finding that any one else agreed with her own view of her conduct.

"He should not speak so of any lady," she rejoined, severely. "I don't like you to associate with him, Johnny. I fear he will spoil your manners. I presume him not to be a gentleman; or perhaps he is only a Philadelphia gentleman."

To be entirely fair to both sides, Johnny, the next morning, repeated these observations to the young lawyer, who had taken a fancy to the boy's society. But he only laughed. Being perfectly conscious of his own unequalled advantages in being a Philadelphia gentleman, he was naturally not stung by the criticism.

Now Susanna's school began, and she sat all day in the little school-house at the edge of the woods and taught. And she taught well, for though she could not bring all her pupils to regard the paths of wisdom as paths of pleasantness, yet she guided them therein with kindness and unflagging perseverance. This year, however, the monotony of school life was destined to be unpleasantly interrupted before a week had passed over. The school-mistress, on one sunny noon, was sitting in the doorway, watching the romping children outside, when she heard an ominous roar, which caused her to drop her frugal lunch and run quickly across the field. Her pupils had been forbidden to go in that direction, but she had not that absolute confidence in their discretion which might have enabled her to listen with indifference to the bellowing of Farmer Bates's bull. And as she ran she saw, making across the meadows toward the same point, the young man whose derogatory remarks had caused her such annoyance, while advancing toward them from behind a high wire fence they both beheld the fleeing figure of Johnny, evidently doing his very best in respect of speed, and closely pursued by the angry bull with lowered horns. But just as they both, breathless, approached the barrier, they were brought to a sudden halt by the apparition of the boy flying through the air, and presenting as he did so a grotesque resemblance to a windmill suddenly broken loose from earthly restraint. The bull had tossed him over the fence, and he landed right at the young girl's feet. They both fell on their knees beside him.

"Oh, is he hurt? Is he dead?" cried Susanna.

"Not a bit of it," responded Johnny.

"Oh dear no; nothing of the kind," answered the young lawyer.

"Then he is abominably naughty," cried the school-mistress, sharply. "I've told them all a hundred times, if I've told them once, they were never to go in that field."

"Yes, but Johnny has the spirit of an explorer, and that you can't expect to curb," said the young man as he turned the boy over, and then he gave an abrupt exclamation. "I'm afraid he's hurt after all!"

"Yes," piped up Johnny; "my arm's awful! Say, you leave it alone, will you?"

"I think it's broken," said the other. "Now what are we to do?"

"Carry him to the school-house," replied Susanna, promptly, "and then go for a doctor."

So the lawyer lifted Johnny in his arms and carried him back to the school-house, and Susanna neither attempted to disturb the pebbles on the highway nor to indulge in any musical vagaries, but walked demurely beside them. Indeed, her voice, when she spoke to Johnny, was very sweet and low, and her manner to that wounded toreador singularly gentle.

The doctor came immediately, and the boy was soon installed in the best room in the house of his parents, being quite too infirm, both in his own opinion and that of others, to mount the ladder to his customary attic retreat. In this abode of luxury, pitied by all and indulged to the extreme of his bent, did he pass the next month, and here it was that young Fotheringay first began to suspect the real excellence and beauty of Susanna's nature.

"Johnny," he would say, when he came on one of his frequent visits to the sufferer, "it is time for me to be going."

"Oh no, it isn't," Johnny would reply, with all the frankness of youth; "just wait till Miss Susanna gets home, and then I sha'n't care whether you go or stay."

So the lawyer, who found the boy's whimsical conversation a perennial source of mild entertainment, and who was besides of an amiable disposition, would sit on until the school-mistress returned, and it was really quite surprising to see how many devices that young lady, who was nothing if not energetic, concocted for the invalid's delight. She brought him all kinds of woodland curiosities, gathered on her way from school, she borrowed for him such books of the most bloodthirsty and bewildering kind as his soul loved, she invented occupations which could be carried on with one hand while he lay stretched flat on his back, and she altogether and in every way proved herself a young person of the kindest heart as well as the most varied resources.

But her kindness of heart did not extend to Fotheringay. She stood in the doorway when first she encountered him in the boy's apartment, and said,

"If you will let me know when you go, Mr. Fotheringay, I will come and amuse Johnny."

"I am going now," he responded, with docility; but when the same formula had been several times repeated, he rebelled a little in spirit at such a peremptory dismissal, and made bold to inquire, "And may I not stay a little while also, if Johnny will have me?"

A frown gathered on Susanna's brow. "Two people at once is quite too much for an invalid," she replied, decidedly, as she left the room.

"Pshaw!" said Johnny to his somewhat crestfallen guest. "You needn't think she'll come while you're round. You made her too mad about the birds an' the fishes."

"The fishes and the birds!" repeated the other. "How on earth should she know what I said about the fishes and the birds?"

"I told her, of course," responded Johnny, complacently. "I thought it 'd make her more careful another time."

"Very prudent indeed," answered the visitor, who experienced a pang at the thought that he had mortified and wounded so sweet and cheery a soul as Susanna's plainly was. He made no further attempt to detain her when she paused by the door, but rose and bowed, and departed without loss of time, and such considerate demeanor at last gained him a tolerably polite greeting from this forgiving young person.

Presently Johnny was up and about again, with his arm in a sling, and Fotheringay gave over his visits, receiving and entertaining the boy, who seemed loath to relinquish all the attention he had lately received, at his own abode, which was a bare little cottage on the road to the school-house. In front was a tiny porch, where the stranger sat and smoked, and from which he often watched Susanna go back and forth to school. It was a pleasure to observe the cheerful face and the even and elastic tread with which she passed his door, and the children who often clustered round her were controlled with a mixture of gayety and good sense which had its attractions. He always rose and bowed when she went by, and as Susanna was not one who could cherish resentment forever, she fell into the way of responding with a kindly nod, or even stopping a second to answer his polite remarks, if he happened, as he sometimes did, to be leaning on the gate. He became fonder and fonder of leaning on this gate, for, to tell the truth, there was something very charming both to old and young, and most of all to a manly and honest young fellow such as Fotheringay was, in the clear brisk tones of Susanna's voice, and the frank and friendly glance with which she looked out on the world. Therefore it was that the lawyer lingered on the porch in the morning till she had passed, and was frequently driven, for the most self-evident and unavoidable reasons, to return to the shelter of Widow Barnes's cottage about the time that the school-children were coming home from their daily tasks. Indeed, he even took to strolling a little way down the path occasionally, and thus meeting the young teacher on her return, though he was at great pains to conceal from himself as well as from her that there was the least cause for such encounters beyond the purest accident.

There finally occurred one meeting, however, the accidental nature of which was beyond question. One cloudy and threatening afternoon, as Susanna was coming homeward through the woods, she heard a loud "Hello!" resound from the leafy depths. To this, like any other well-conducted person, she paid no attention; but in a second it was repeated: "Hello! hello there!" This time she stopped and looked around her, but there was nobody to be seen, and she was about to proceed once more on her way when a third call made her turn into the underbrush. There, some thirty paces off, beside a rock, and half covered in bracken, reclined Johnny's friend, leaning awkwardly on one elbow.

"Ah, is that you, Miss Susanna?" he cried. "I'm most particularly glad to see you. When no one answered, I was afraid it was only the wind I heard rustling in the bushes. I've slipped off this confounded rock and hurt my knee, and I began to be afraid I should have to stay here until some faithful shepherd dog found my bones next spring. No, thank you; I haven't the least desire to try to walk, even with your kind assistance. I've tried it alone, and that is quite enough. But if you'd be good enough to tell some one in the village to come over with a couple of men, and whichever of their luxurious conveyances jolts the least, I should be forever obliged to you. No, thank you; I don't mind being left alone at all, as long as I have the consoling prospect of passing the night under a roof. I have spent the last hour or two watching the clouds, and wondering if it was going to rain. There is something you can do for me before you go, certainly. If you wouldn't mind taking my hand and helping me to move a little, it would be an immense satisfaction. I've been lying in this same position for hours, until I think any kind of a change would be an improvement—even a change for the worse. I'm ever so much obliged to you. That's perfect paradise compared to the old way. Are you going now? There is no such tremendous need for haste. I've been here so long that a few moments more or less can't make any difference."

But Susanna was already off, hurrying with quick feet along the shady way to send the needed succor, and it was ten days or more before she again saw the unlucky sportsman. Then, as she was passing the tiny cottage, she heard a voice call her name, and when she turned, there sat Fotheringay on the porch, with one knee carefully propped up on chairs in front of him.

"Miss Susanna," he repeated, "aren't you coming in to say good-afternoon? You are my gallant rescuer, you know, and you ought to inquire how I am getting on, and whether there isn't anything you can do to alleviate my distress. The best thing will be to stop and talk to me for a few moments," he proceeded, rapidly, as she seemed to hesitate. "I am dreadfully lonely, and I expect all the passers-by to take pity on me. The tender-hearted ones all do. The butcher came and sat on the step this morning, and I have had a very interesting interview with a tin-ware man. The butcher is a practical person. He gave me a great deal of information; but the peddler was a man of theories. I suppose he has plenty of time to think them up while he's wandering round the world. You would be quite surprised at the immensity and grandeur of his ideas, but you needn't be afraid that I shall try to reveal them to you; I feel I shouldn't do them justice. Aren't you going to sit down? I can't get up to give you a chair, but I know there is a very comfortable one round the corner, if you don't mind looking it up. Thank you," as she seated herself on the porch step. "It's very good of you to give a few moments to a suffering fellow-being. Now what are you going to tell me? I'm ready and waiting for all the new information and theories you can give."

"Ah, but I haven't any, Mr. Fotheringay," replied Susanna, simply. "My information is all old. It has been in the school text-books for years and years, and I get so tired of hearing it that sometimes I am glad when the children make mistakes. As for theories, I never have any."

"Neither facts nor theories! Dear me! that's a very sad state of affairs. Well, at any rate, we can converse about the weather. You must have noticed what a lovely day it is."

"Yes," laughed Susanna, "I know as much as that; and I should be glad to know also whether you are better, and if the doctor says you will soon be well again."

The young man made a wry face. "Your doctor seems to be a very conservative old gentleman. He says I must keep my leg quiet, and not stand on it for three or four weeks, or he won't answer for the consequences."

"Oh, what a pity!" cried Susanna, heartily. "How very tiresome! What will you do?"

"Do? Oh, grin and bear it, I suppose. I shall cultivate the acquaintance of the butcher, and make myself as agreeable as possible to all the tin-ware men. Perhaps you'll take pity on me, Miss Susanna, and stop and speak to me once in a while. If you'll bring me a few of the wild flowers you used to lavish on Johnny, I'll promise to appreciate them a great deal more than he did. It would be a fine time to study botany: that's a good occupation for the lame. If everything else fails, I'll bribe Johnny to play truant, and talk to me; his conversation is always original."

Before he had finished the sentence, each became painfully aware that the other was thinking of Fotheringay's supercilious criticisms on Susanna, made so carelessly at the time, and so often and so deeply repented of since. But before he could speak, she, with a quick movement of her hand, as if dismissing a disagreeable subject, plunged again into conversation:

"That does not sound like a very entertaining prospect. Won't any of your friends come and stay with you? You oughtn't to be left alone here."

"Oh no, indeed," cried Fotheringay, who was watching with a curious interest the red fade from the girl's smooth cheek, and her eyes, which for a moment had fallen, raise themselves again to his with the sweet frankness which had for him such an incomprehensible attraction—"no, indeed. My mother and sisters are off in Europe; they won't be home for ever so long. I wouldn't hurry them on any account. There isn't any one else I *could* want down here. Oh no; you underrate the resources of the place. I shall do very well—very well indeed; that is, if you won't forget the flowers."

The next day Susanna glanced at the cottage as she went by, and there sat Fotheringay, so evidently expecting a greeting that she could not but pause.

"Where are my flowers, Miss Susanna?" he inquired immediately. "And where is the book? Don't you remember you were to bring me your botany, and then every day you were to supply me with fresh specimens?"

"Indeed, Mr. Fotheringay, I didn't understand anything of the kind," said Susanna.

"Oh, but there was a distinct understanding. I hope you won't be so forgetful another day. You were not only to gather the flowers as you came from school, but you were going to help me when I got to the hard places, and explain away all the difficulties. It is a little dull here, truly, and if you took the responsibility of bringing me out of the woods, you ought to have some consideration for my subsequent sufferings. Nobody can expect to preserve a fellow-being's life and escape all the consequences. What are you laughing for? You preserved my life; of course you did. If you hadn't come by just then, I should have been out in the woods all night, and it rained, after all. I dare say you didn't notice it, but I did. It poured, and it was enough to make the bravest shiver to think how cold it must have been in the woods. I should have died of exposure, of course, if you hadn't come, and yet now you are trying to make me believe I have no valid claim on you. It is your plain duty to feel a little responsibility in the matter. Why don't you speak?"

"It hardly seems necessary," responded Susanna, demurely.

Fotheringay burst into a laugh. "You mean I am quite equal to keeping up the conversation alone? But if you won't speak, Miss Susanna, what am I to do? It is absolutely necessary that some one should talk, or you may go away, and I assure you that, barring my landlady, you are the first living soul I have spoken to to-day. I tried to carry out my scheme of bribing Johnny to play truant yesterday, but I couldn't. He said he was too much afraid of you."

"That's true," said Widow Barnes, who just now appeared in the doorway. "The poor soul hasn't had even a dog to throw a word at all day. It's a Christian kindness for you to come in and hearten him up a bit, Miss Susanna."

The young man cast a grateful glance at the stout old woman. "There!" he said, triumphantly; "you hear what public opinion says."

But Susanna only smiled, and bade them both good-by.

The next day, however, she appeared with a bunch of blossoms, and a volume under her arm. "Now," she said, "you mustn't tell me again that I neglect my responsibilities. I haven't time to stop every day, Mr. Fotheringay, but if you really want to amuse yourself with looking over this book, here it is, and I will promise to bring you fresh flowers quite often enough to keep you occupied. When I haven't time to come myself, I can send them by Johnny."

But the services of Johnny were not often called into requisition. The inhabitants of the village, who were all admirers of Susanna, thought it eminently suitable that their teacher should be initiating the stranger into the arts and sciences during his enforced idleness, and his demands on her sympathy were made with such quiet and confiding perseverance that it would have taken a harder heart than hers to refuse him the consolations of instruction. Besides, she, who was tired of forcing knowledge into the unwilling brains of her scholars, soon found it a great pleasure to work with such an active and well-trained mind as her new pupil's, while to Fotheringay each day admiration grew in watching her clear intelligence and simple goodness. Soon the day seemed lost in which Susanna did not appear, raising to his those honest and trustful glances, and speaking in those fresh and inspiriting tones which made the whole world seem to her companion a more pleasant and desirable abiding-place.

But presently Susanna began to question herself as to when these lessons, begun for the distraction of an invalid, were to draw to a close. Fotheringay was much better; he was already able to limp about the porch to bring her a chair, and hobble down to open the gate for her, and yet he gave no sign of contemplating a return to those duties which must be awaiting him in his native city, nor did he manifest the least intention of relinquishing the claims which he had established upon her time and care. Though always most easy and unconscious in his manner and matter-of-fact in his remarks, he yet evinced a daily interest in her coming and going which rather grew than decreased; and in spite of the efforts which Susanna occasionally made to keep the conversation strictly upon the business in hand, he invariably established their intercourse upon a footing of friendly intimacy, which for some occult reason disturbed that calm and equable mental balance which she was accustomed to preserve toward her neighbors. And just as she was hesitating as to how to resume her old indifferent attitude, and perhaps withdraw gently from an undertaking which was incomprehensibly different from what she had supposed it to be when she first entered upon it, Fotheringay suddenly brought matters to a crisis.

"Put away your book, Miss Susanna," he said one day when she had taken her accustomed seat. "We aren't going to have any lesson this afternoon. My landlady has very obligingly gone to spend the day with her married daughter, and I have something to say to you."

"To me?" inquired Susanna, opening wide her eyes.

"Yes," he answered, with a queer little smile; "but you needn't look so much interested. I'm afraid you won't think it of much importance when it is said." He hesitated, as if to collect his thoughts, and a feeling of anxiety stole over Susanna, for, in spite of his affectation of unconcern, it was evidently a matter of some moment which he was about to discuss. When he looked at her again his gaze lingered doubtfully on her upturned face.

"Miss Susanna," he began, with the same odd mixture of raillery and earnestness, "I have been quite concerned as to how I should best present what I have to say, for naturally I am anxious to make a favorable impression. Perhaps the best way will be to begin with compliments. Whatever you may think of me after I get through, I would like, at least, to tell you what I think about you." He paused for a moment; then: "I believe," he cried, abruptly, "that you are the truest and the loveliest human soul that has ever blessed the earth by living on it. I might take the day long, and yet at the end I should not have told you the half of what I think every moment of the day of your loveliness and goodness."

The girl had averted her face without speaking, and as he watched her a smile came back and trembled round his lips.

"You will think," he said, "that I am presumptuous to say that, and then say I want the best for my own. But that is the end of it all, Susanna. You are the loveliest thing I have ever met, and whether I deserve you or not, I want you. If you will be my wife, I shall have won what I have no right to ask for; but I will promise you I will try to deserve it all the rest of my life."

He spoke clearly and strongly; she could not mistake his meaning, and yet she kept her face turned from him. Fotheringay had time to think to himself that Susanna's shyness was even sweeter than Susanna's guileless candor, when her voice, a little wavering and uncertain, fell upon his ear.

"I am sure you are very kind, Mr. Fotheringay," it said. "I ought to thank you a great deal for saying such pleasant things of me. It is a great deal more than I could ever deserve, and still—I am glad to have you think so. As for the rest of what you said—I don't want to answer it. It is all a mistake. I would rather believe you never said it, and forget it all. Let us forget it," she repeated, with an appealing glance so different from her habitual expression that Fotheringay moved restlessly backward to escape a sudden temptation to gather the suppliant to his arms.

"Forget it!" he exclaimed. "How can we forget it? It is the point of the whole thing. I want you for my wife, Susanna. How do you expect me to forget that?"

"Oh no," she said, impetuously; "you don't understand. It would never do at all, Mr. Fotheringay. I shouldn't think of it for a moment."

"But you must think of it," he cried, and caught her hand in his. "I don't know what you mean, Susanna. I have told you that I love—*love* you. Do you understand? I have asked you to be my wife. Surely that is worth a serious answer."

But the girl frowned and drew her hand away. "A serious answer is not the best kind of an answer," she returned, sharply. Little as her auditor suspected it, she was on the brink of bursting into a tempest of tears, and was scarcely more frightened and confused at the startling nature of Fotheringay's remarks than at the inexplicable tumult in her own breast. From such a chaos she took refuge in the first tangible idea that presented itself. "You do not know yourself what you are asking," she cried. "I am a school-teacher in a little country village, and you—you are altogether a different kind of person. Do you remember what you said the first time you saw me? If you ever thought of being married before, was it of a village school-teacher that you thought?"

"I never dreamed of any one half so lovely," ejaculated Fotheringay; "and what is the use of going back to what I said the first time I saw you? I was a fool."

"But what would all your friends say?" retorted Susanna.

"Who cares?" he answered.

"I do," she cried; "and when your mother and sisters came home, would they be satisfied with what you have done?"

For the first time a shadow passed over Fotheringay's face. "Since you ask me," he said, "I don't honestly think they would—at first—entirely. But they surely would when they knew you, Susanna; and besides, what has that to do with it? You wouldn't marry them. Why are we talking of what this and that and the other one will say? Do you suppose I am such a fool that I don't know what I want myself? I assure you that's a mistake; I know quite well what I want—I want you for my wife. Don't talk to me about my sisters and my friends, talk to me about yourself. I want you to tell me, Susanna,"—his voice dropped and quivered—"whether there is any earthly chance that you could ever love me?"

But Susanna had already sprung to her feet, her eyes suffused and her face crimson. As she heard her suitor acknowledge the actual existence of the barriers between them which she herself had just raised, an uncontrollable gust of anger swept over her.

"How could you even think of such a thing?" she cried. "You have no right to ask me such a question. How could you suppose for a moment that I would ever love you? You may be sure that I do not, and that I will never be your wife, Mr. Fotheringay—never! never!" And she turned and fled down the path and out on to the road.

Fotheringay was as much stunned by the sudden outbreak as if the young girl had dealt him an actual blow. He threw himself back into his chair, but it was no longer an easy resting-place, and he rose and paced the porch, walking with a slight limp. He had fallen from the clouds to the earth, and the descent was a hard one. Susanna had refused him, finally, peremptorily; there could be no hope for a lover whose appeal only roused his lady's anger. He accepted her verdict with a humility which was touching in one so little prone to self-distrust. Susanna, to his mind, could do no wrong, and since she had rejected him, nothing remained for him but to take himself away, and fret her no longer by his presence. He must go immediately; the sooner the better; and he began to hurry the preparations for his departure, finding this easier than to sit still and contemplate at his leisure the loss of all his hopes.

The next morning, therefore, found him seated beside Johnny in the primitive conveyance which throughout the village was dignified by the name of the buggy. He had been detained till after the hour for the early train, and now he knew that the school-house, which stood close beside the road, would be echoing with the hum of children's voices, and that the fair face of the young school-mistress, as she raised it to glance through the open door, would be turned full upon him as he passed. He had a great longing to look on it once more before he went, but being a person of kind and generous impulses, his greatest care at this moment was to spare Susanna the pain of seeing her rejected suitor fleeing, so to speak, before her wrath; wherefore he chose, in spite of the secret promptings of his own heart and Johnny's open disapprobation, to abandon the direct route, and go by a rough and roundabout road which wound through the mountains, by steep declivities and gloomy gorges, to the point which he wished to reach. But before they had traversed half the way, and whilst they were still in the wildest part of the road, the lawyer pulled up his horse, and cried, quickly,

"Johnny, what's that?"

For a moment they sat still and listened, and then there could be no doubt that from the direction in which they had just come a woman's voice was calling for help.

Fotheringay jumped out of the buggy. "You wait a moment, Johnny," he said, "and I'll see what's the matter."

He ran back a little way, and then shouted. At first it was impossible to locate the response, but presently he became aware that it proceeded from some point below the level of the road, and, strangest of all, that it bore a singular resemblance to the voice of the damsel who only the day before had dismissed him with so little ceremony. He hurried on, and in another moment bent over the rocky edge, to see Susanna clinging to the face of the cliff below by the few inequalities on its rough surface. He threw himself half over, and stretched down his arms.

"Susanna, give me your hands," he cried, imperiously.

But Susanna, who was not able to look up, only trembled when she heard his voice, blushed furiously, and clung more closely than ever to the rock.

"Give me your hands," he repeated.

But she answered: "No, no; I will not. I should only pull you down. You may go and get a rope."

"Get a rope!" he reiterated. "You would be dead before I could get back. Give me your hands *instantly*."

And Susanna, unwillingly, but as if she had no further strength with which to disobey, loosened first one hand, and then the other, and laid them in Fotheringay's impatient palms. His fingers closed round them like iron locks, and n another moment she was resting her whole weight on his outstretched arms, and treading cautiously from one crevice to another, as he drew her slowly and steadily upward. Soon she was standing, sobbing, on the solid earth, and Fotheringay had his arm around her.

"There, there!" he said, soothingly, and stroked her hair—"there! don't cry so, my child. It is all right now."

But she only cried the harder, and all his efforts to quiet her seemed vain.

"How did you fall?" he asked at last.

And then, indeed, she drew hastily away, wiped her wet eyes, and answered, tremulously: "I was standing on the edge, and when I bent over it broke. I had been holding by a tree that grew out of the rock, but when the ground gave way that went too. I thought I was going to be killed—for a moment. But I caught with one hand in a cleft, and then I was able to get my footing a little, and find a place to hold by with the other hand; and then I heard some one drive by on the road above, and I called for help." Again she began to sob.

"Be quiet, my dear," said Fotheringay; "there's no harm done. Sit here and rest a moment."

So Susanna sat by the road-side, and wiped her eyes once more, and in a few moments, looking timidly up at her preserver, she thanked him very sweetly for coming to her rescue.

"That's all right," he said, gloomily. "I'm glad to have the chance to say good-by to you, after all. I am going away, Susanna, and I suppose I shall never trouble you again after this. But one thing I must say before I go—this is no place for you to be wandering about alone in. You must promise me not to do such a thing again. What brought you over here?"

Then, to his surprise, the young girl colored, and moved hastily so as to conceal her countenance from the questioner. Her manner irritated him unreasonably.

"What is the matter?" he cried. "Why do you turn away so? Susanna, there can be no reason that you should mind telling me why you came here. What took you to the edge of the cliff? It is a dangerous place. You should have had more sense than to stand there. In another moment, if I had not come by, you would have fallen down the precipice. Tell me why you went there."

Susanna did not raise her eyes, and yet she seemed unable to refuse a response to the curt demand. Her voice trembled as she replied:

"I wanted to look down the valley. Let me go, Mr. Fotheringay; I don't want to talk about it any more. Let me go."

"No," said he, decidedly. "I cannot till I understand," and he stepped to the crumbling edge and gazed across the wide valley beneath. There was nothing to be seen but the forest at his feet, and beyond it the distant farms, with the smoke from a departing train trailing above them. He looked back at his companion with a curious, questioning glance. "Susanna, was it the cars you wanted to see?" he cried; and she nodded gently, but did not speak. "Has that brought you all this way?" he asked. "It is only the morning train going out. Why should you care so much for that?" He came close to the girl, and looked down at her, and then he saw that she was crying softly. In a moment he was kneeling beside her, and his arm was round her again. "Tell me quickly," he whispered. "No, you shall not hide your face. Answer me first. I *must* know, Susanna."

And she said: "Ah, you should have let me go when I asked you to. I—I thought you had left me, and I wanted to watch you till the end."

"Ah, Susanna," cried Fotheringay, "why have you made me suffer so? Look at me for one moment, sweetheart, and let me see which you mean—what you said yesterday, or what you say to-day?" Then, as she raised her eyes to his, "Bless you, my dearest," he cried, and bent and kissed her.

A few moments after, Johnny was much surprised to see Miss Susanna and his friend come round the bend in the road side by side, and to be informed that they were about to drive home together, and that he himself was at liberty to walk. In that case, how was Mr. Fotheringay to meet the train which he had been so intent on reaching? And how was Miss Susanna, if at fifty-five minutes past twelve she was three miles away from the school-house, to ring the bell for her scholars to assemble promptly at one? There was a want of method about the whole proceeding, and Johnny had a discontented air as he dismounted from his seat in the buggy. But, fortunately, neither of the two who took his place noticed his depression of spirits. Instead, they were thinking, as they drove off down the shady road, that never before had they seen such crystalline skies and such brilliant sunshine, or felt so fine and exhilarating an air.

Fotheringay turned with a happy laugh to the girl at his side. "Ah, Susanna," he cried, with a tender jest in his voice, "this is a very different drive from the one I took half an hour ago. You are a very different girl, too, from the one that left me yesterday. There is one thing more I want to know now, sweetheart. Nothing else has changed that I can perceive; tell me how you came to change your mind."

And Susanna, all whose doubts had dissolved in a rosy mist of happiness and courage, looked up at him with shy, confiding eyes. "I do not know," she said.

OFF SANDY HOOK.

SUNSET; and though the heavens are all aglow
With richest gold and crimson, and the sea
Is molten opal where our course should be—
Color and light above, around, below—
Suddenly gleam two fainter lights I know:
The Highland Lights; pale, yet more dear to me
Than all the gold and crimson; for the key
To coming darkness they hold gently so.
Light-houses for the darkness; ay, and yet
Remember well their waiting lamps to trim
Long before, richly bright, the sun has set;
Remember well that shadows growing dim
May spread for thee a far less dangerous net
Than when the sky is rose-colored to its brim.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

CLOSE OF THE RACING SEASON.

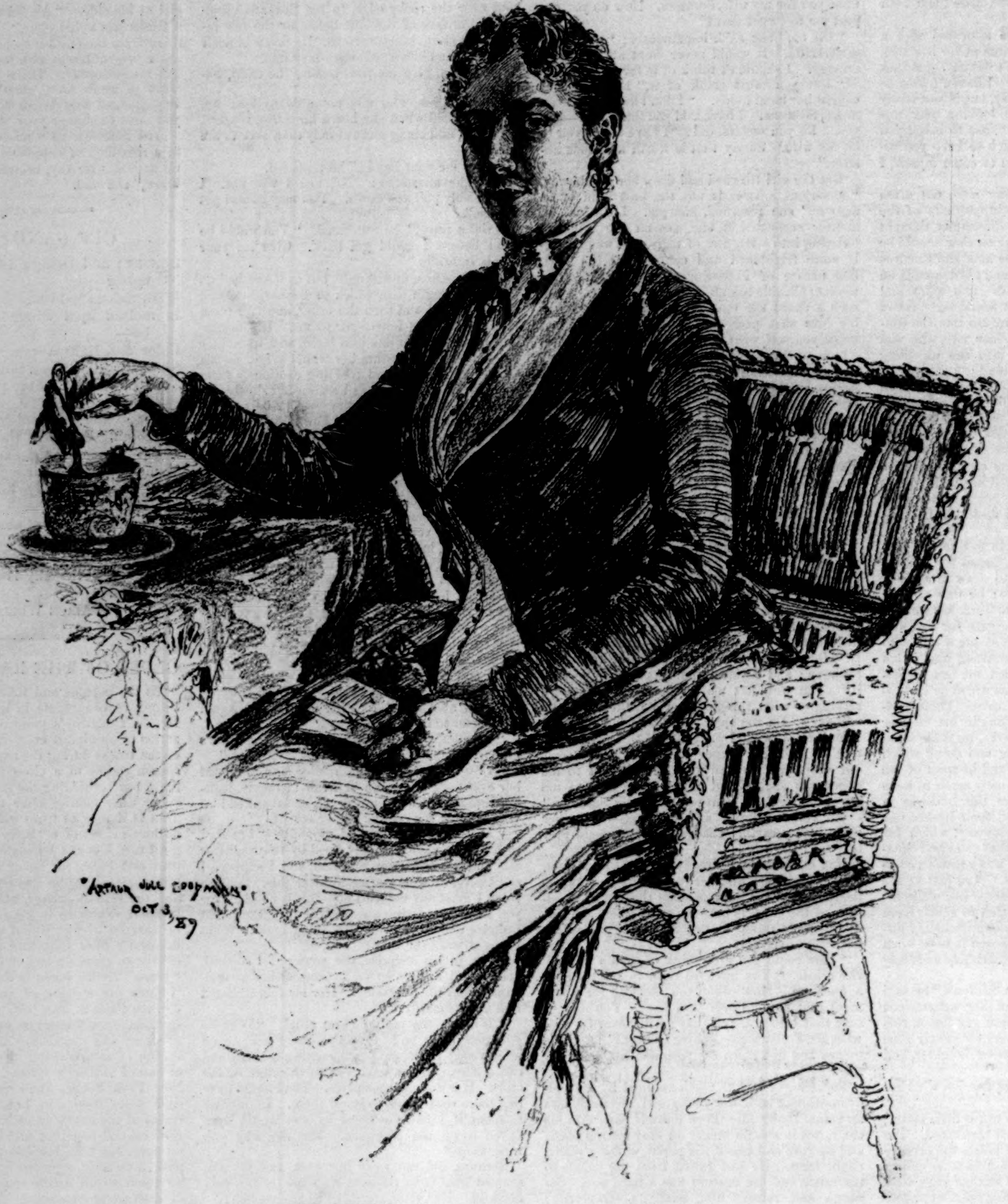
To the patrons and followers of the turf who belong or congregate in and about New York, Mr. de Thulstrup's picture is the artistic realization of an almost every-day scene on some one of the tracks during the long racing season. The season comes to a close next week, under the State law forbidding the betting men from pursuing their calling after the 15th of October. This is a race at "top weights" evidently, and no horse short of a "three-year-old," and that a good one, has any business in this mad rush of man and beast for honor and profit. The big, strong-limbed leader has come well to the front, and the veteran jockey, holding his mount hard in hand, expresses in his face the confidence of an assured winner, whilst one of the rear-guard heroically plies whip and spur in a frantic endeavor to come up out of the ruck, and make a "place" for his horse in the judges' decision.

Since the opening of the spring meeting at Jerome Park in May last, horse-racing has been practically continuous on one or the other of the five tracks in the vicinity of the city, each association in turn opening its meeting within a day or two of another's closing. Up to the time the New York Jockey Club appeared in the field, each association had heretofore respected the rights of the others in claiming certain dates for their several meetings, and when any clashing of interests has been imminent, the question in dispute invariably adjusted itself in an amicable way, and, to all appearances, to the satisfaction of each party concerned. The Monmouth Park Association surrendered several of the latter days of its summer meeting so that the new club could hold its inaugural meeting without competition.

But here, at the end of the most successful season in the history of the American turf, comes a clash. The season that will pass into turf history as the "record breaker's year" winds up in a row between the parent racing association of the East, the American Jockey Club, and the baby of them all, the New York Jockey Club. The New York Club declared that, after having made all sorts of peaceful overtures to the American Club, and which were not even treated with courtesy, it was only left for it to retire the latter club into desuetude. The officials of the American Club said nothing, but smiled pleasantly, whenever the projected rivalry was introduced as a subject of inquiry or conversation.

Early in September the New York Club announced its fall meeting to begin on Wednesday, October 2d, and continuing until the 15th, giving a programme of eight days' sport. Two days after, the American Club announced its programme, beginning and ending on the same dates, and outlining twelve days of racing. The battle commenced October 2d as promised, on a glorious but somewhat chilly autumn day. The attendance at both tracks was fairly good, but it is practically impossible to draw a comparison in this direction, for what would make a big crowd at Jerome Park would be lost in the broad expanse of the Westchester track's vast accommodations. Again, it takes a much larger percentage of paid admissions at the new track to make a solid contribution to its enormous expenses. Jerome Park can run a successful meeting and make money on an attendance that would leave a large deficit in the exchequer at Westchester.

The success of a race-track to-day apparently rests upon the facilities that are offered to the "betting contingent"—that is, its pecuniary success. Forty years ago the same conditions began to shape, and in a few years a connection with "the turf" became a signal for reproach and dishonor. When Jerome Park was opened in 1866, its sponsors were gentlemen whose names were synonymous with rectitude and fair dealing in both business and sporting pursuits. The management has been such ever since. Of the different tracks since established, how many of them can point to such an executive record?



MRS. KENDAL.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL.

Mrs. Kendal can distinctly remember making her début, on the boards of her father's theatre, at the age of four, in that antiquated work, *The Stranger*. And need I, apropos, remind my readers that her father, Tom Robertson, was the author of those charming plays *Ours*, *Caste*, *Society*, and many others? The child, dressed in her Sunday best for the great occasion, like the little daughter of Eve she was, thought nothing of her part, and everything of her new frock and shoes. Great was the effect, at once so artless and impromptu, when the small heroine, during the progress of the piece, espying her nurse in the pit, exclaimed, "Oh, nursey, only look at my red shoes!" Two years later the juvenile actress was engaged to appear as Eva, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, this being a singing part, for it was discovered that the child had the sweetest little voice in the world. But, alas! she sang not wisely but too well, and with the hope of becoming a second Jenny Lind, by continual practising and overstrain quite ruined her delicate organ. Forced to relinquish the idea of aspiring to prima-donnaship, Madge was only too glad to accept an engagement offered at the Bath and Bristol theatres, where she went through a varied experience, which must have contributed very largely to the laying of a foundation to the structure of her artistic career. Very often she would dance in the ballet and appear on the same night in the burletta or burlesque, and not infrequently did she perform in the same cast with Ellen Terry (who does not, by-the-way, seem to have been in any way a "wonder-child"), and with her gifted sister Kate, the eldest member of a rarely talented family. When barely in her teens, Madge was engaged to play Virginia to the Virginius of Mr. James Bennett, a tragedian of such small dimensions that no full-grown actress was ever afforded a chance of overtopping him. At the beginning of the fourth act, where Virginia had to scream and fly, agonized, into her father's arms, Madge was incited to throw her whole soul as well as her person into the filial embrace. Carrying out these instructions to the letter, she managed to give a jerk to Mr. Bennett's wig—fixed in the old-fashioned way on a wire—causing it to spring up straight from his head with an enraged-porcupine-like effect, which not unnaturally was the signal for a roar of merriment from the audience.

Mrs. Kendal is also not unwont to recall an anecdote of her father's, anent the appearance of Macready at the South Theatre, Lincoln, under his management. When the famous actor had made ready to go on the stage, Robertson approached him and, with much anxiety, commenced a humble apology.

"Ah, I see!" divined Macready. "It's a bad house."

"Well, there's nobody in it."

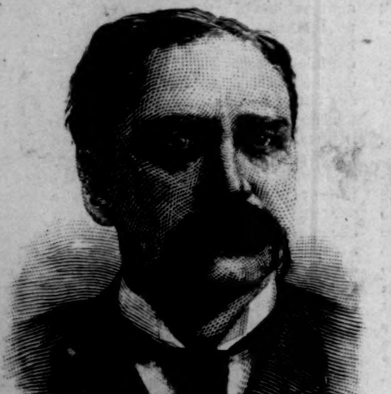
"What! *nobody?*"

"Not a soul, excepting the warden's party in a stage-box, and a soul or two in the pit."

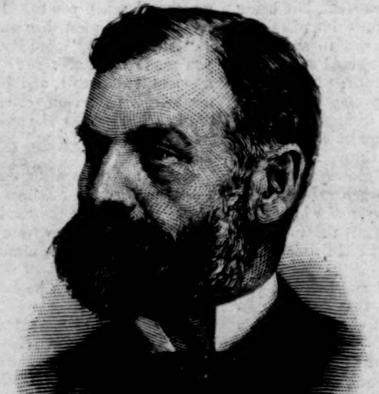
"Then let us go on," said Macready. "We've no right to give ourselves airs if the people do not choose to come and see us. Let us begin."

Robertson was much astonished, relates his fair daughter, at Macready's philosophical behavior, "as famous stars usually had such a way of blowing him up."

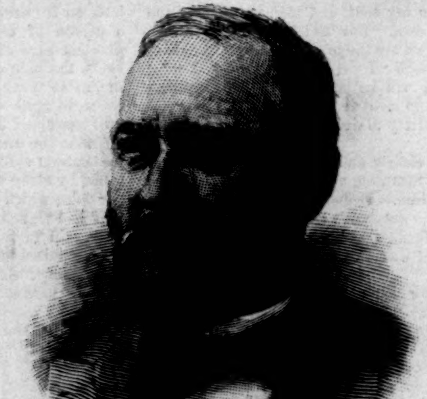
To return, however, to the fair actress herself, whose most remarkable early success was certainly made in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. Graceful and girlish as may be Mary Anderson's rendering of the heroine in Mr. Gilbert's pretty play, those who have



JOSEPH K TOOLE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MONTANA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOWRY, HELENA.

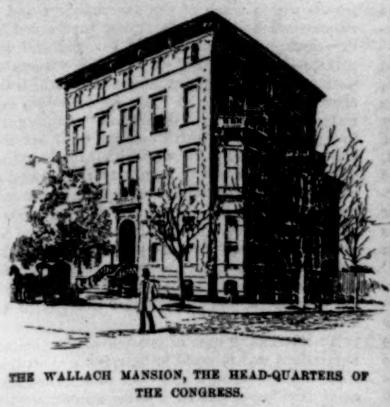


JOHN MILLER, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NORTH DAKOTA.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JUDKINS, BISMARCK.

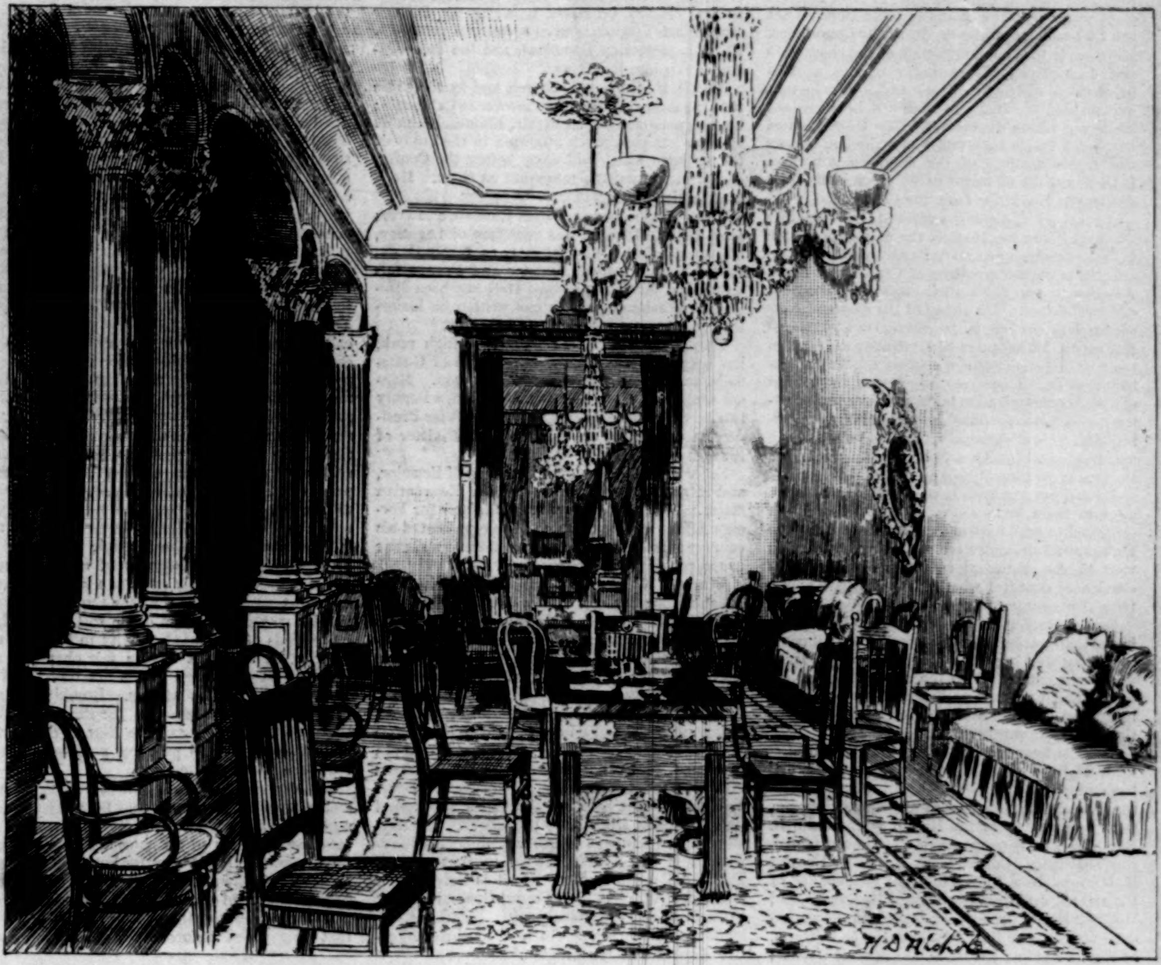


ARTHUR C. MELLETTE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF SOUTH DAKOTA.

GOVERNORS OF THE NEW STATES.—[SEE PAGE 819.]



THE WALLACH MANSION, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE CONGRESS.



THE MEETING-ROOM OF THE CONGRESS IN THE WALLACH MANSION.

not had the fortune of seeing Madge Robertson in the first flush of youth, with all her innocent charm and coquetry, as Galatea, cannot imagine the possibilities of this, one of the most difficult rôles in modern repertoire. In *Broken Hearts*, *The Nine Days' Wonder*, and more particularly in *Impulse*, Mrs. Kendal has gathered her best deserved laurels; whilst as Susan Hartley, in *The Scrap of Paper*, so recently revived with brilliant éclat at the St. James, no actress could hope to come within a hundred miles of her. In *William and Susan*, again, her acting was at once a miracle of art and nature. No one having once heard could forget the simple pathos of her accents when wounded to the quick to hear that her sailor husband, whom she supposed inconsolable at parting with her when bound for his voyage, was found uncommonly merry at the first port. "Oh, sir!" she exclaims to the apparently fair-speaking captain who imparts the information. "Well, I'm right glad to know he could be so hearty."

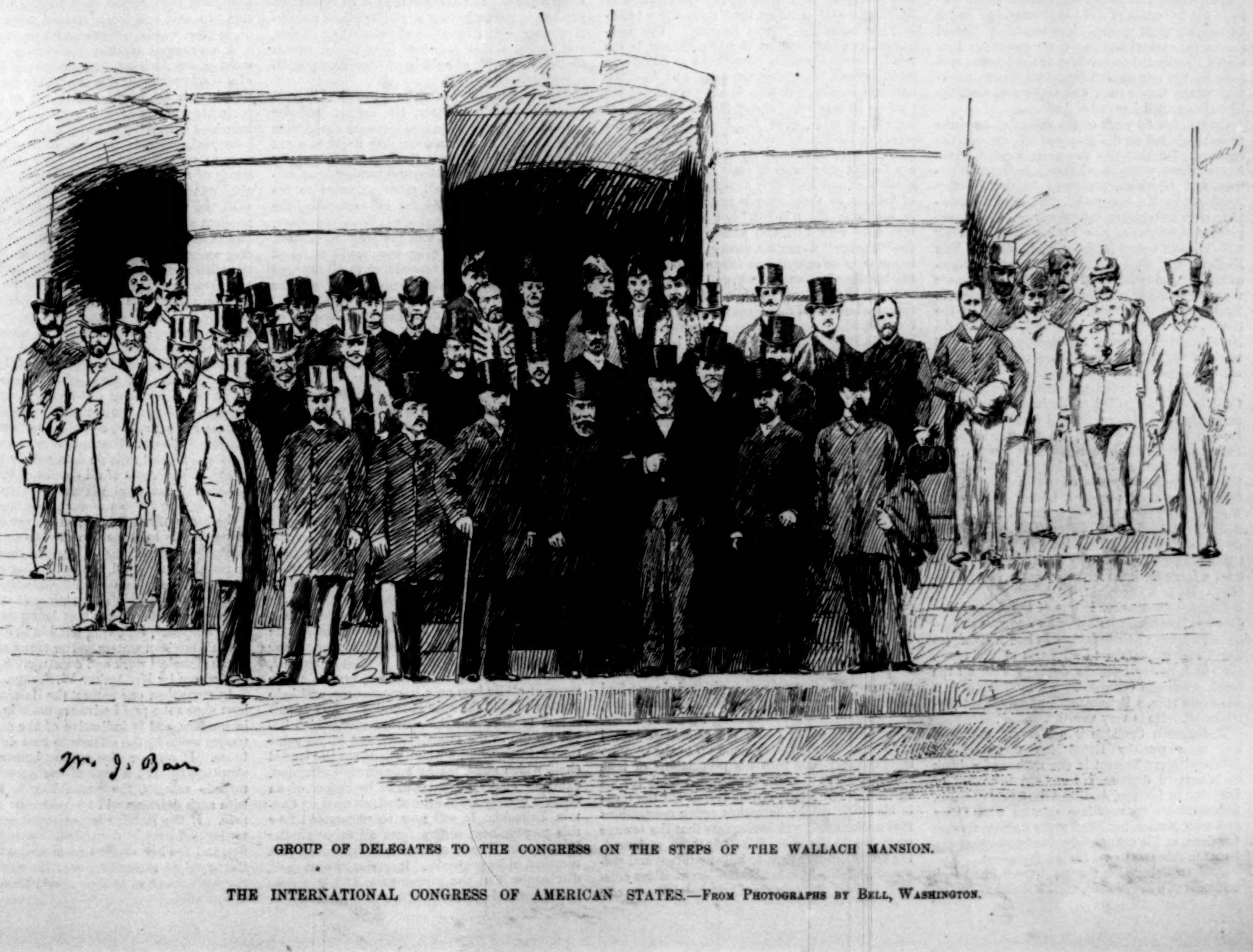
Without regular beauty, Madge Kendal has one of the most attractive faces and most infectious smiles imaginable. An excellent woman and charming companion, she is also an actress without rival in her own particular line on the English stage of to-day.

Mr. Kendal, the beau ideal of a *jeune premier*, is not infrequently described by the male members of his audience as "the husband of Mrs. Kendal," whereas his lady admirers are prone to consider "the wife of Mr. Kendal" a remarkably lucky woman. The popular actor, who showed no signs of early promise as a boy, desired, above all things, to become a painter, and when he attended theatrical performances little heeded the dramatic action, being intent on making caricatures of the leading actors on his thumb nail. His friends persuaded him with all their might and main to adopt the profession of a doctor, but, as fate willed it, he happened one fair morning to be introduced to a Mr. Mowbray, the author of the burlesque *A Gay Young Fellow, or Billy Taylor*, and this same Mowbray, struck with his pleasant appearance and ready manner, offered him an engagement in *The Weak Woman*, which, without thinking much over the matter, he accepted in a happy-go-lucky way. For nearly a year Kendal remained at the Soho Theatre, where Ellen Terry, Charles Wyndham, and David James were also performing, without making any special mark. His first decided success was won at Glasgow in Dr. Westland Marston's *Favorite of Fortune*. Subsequently Charles Matthews interested himself in his behalf, and helped him to procure an engagement in London. It was on the production of *Pygmalion and Galatea* that Kendal had the infinite good fortune of being assigned the part of Madge Robertson's lover, and during the run of the play of being accepted as her lord and master behind the scenes for life. Since that time Pygmalion has appeared as Galatea's husband, lover, and brother a hundred times over, and crowds upon crowds have assembled to applaud the performances of this excellently matched couple.

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

THE INTERNATIONAL AMERICAN CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON.

WHETHER or not the deliberations of the International American Conference, the delegates to which are now travelling about the country inspecting factories, workshops, and schools, will produce results satisfactory to the promoters and managers of the conference cannot be predicted with any certainty. The interests of the United States, as administered by those whom politics has made responsible for the Conference, are diametrically opposed to the interests of those nations with whose delegates the conference is to be; for it was a Democratic Congress that authorized, and it is a Republican administration that manages the Conference—the



GROUP OF DELEGATES TO THE CONGRESS ON THE STEPS OF THE WALLACH MANSION.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICAN STATES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL, WASHINGTON.

plan conceived by those pledged to freer trade is to be tested by those bound to protection. What can be predicted of the results of the Conference, however, is that our knowledge of the characters and dispositions of the Latin nations of this hemisphere will be broadened, and it may be that our respect for those nations will be increased while our liking diminishes. The United States has but a single vote, and a combination among the representatives of the southern American nations against us might easily preclude us from the results hoped for from the Conference.

An act of Congress, approved by President Cleveland May 28, 1888, is the authority for the invitations which Secretary Bayard sent to Mexico and the seventeen countries of Central and South America to join the United States in a commercial conference. The object of the conference, as set forth in the law, is the discussion and recommendation for adoption of arbitration as a settlement of differences, of questions relating to the improvement of business intercourse and means of direct communication between the various countries, of a customs union, of regulations governing imports and exports, of a silver coin to be a universal legal tender, and of any other subjects that "may be presented by any of the said states."

Fifteen governments have sent delegates in answer to these invitations. Paraguay and Hayti promised to take part in the Conference; but the Paraguayian delegates are not yet arrived, and in view of the disturbed condition of Hayti, it is considered doubtful whether any delegate comes from that country.

San Domingo alone has declined to take any part in the Conference. The government of that country is disturbed because a proposed treaty of trade was never completed on the part of the United States, and professes to believe that we are not in earnest in our desire for closer business relations with our southern neighbors.

The Conference met for the first time on October 2d, in Washington, where a large house had been prepared for its meetings. It consists of the following members, not all of whom, however, were present: From the United States, John B. Henderson, of Missouri (who was chosen temporary chairman); Cornelius N. Bliss and Charles R. Flint, of New York; Clement Studebaker, of Indiana; T. Jefferson Coolidge, of Massachusetts; William Henry Trescot, of South Carolina; Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania; Henry G. Davis, of West Virginia; Morris M. Estee, of California; and John F. Hanson, of Georgia; from Mexico, Matías Romero and Angel Ortiz y Monasterio; from Guatemala, Fernando Cruz; from Honduras. Jeronimo Zelaya; from Nicaragua, Horacio Guzman; from Costa Rica, Pedro Zeledon and Manuel Aragon; from San Salvador, Jacinto Castellanos and Manuel Valdivieso; from Colombia, J. M. Hurtado, Carlos Martinez de Silva, and C. Calderon; from Ecuador, José M. P. Caamaño; from Bolivia, Juan F. Velarde; from Peru, F. C. C. Zegarra; from Chili, José Alfonso and Emilio Varas; from the Argentine Republic, Vincente Quesada, Roque Saenz Peña, and Manuel Quintana; from Uruguay, Alberto Nin; from Brazil, J. G. de Amaral Valente, Lafayette Rodriguez Pereira, and Salvador de Mendonça; from Venezuela, Nicanor Peraza.

Mr. Blaine welcomed the delegates in a short speech, wherein he briefly and without detail outlined the purposes of the Conference, and ended by inviting them to visit, as guests of the United States, the various sections of the country. President Harrison then received the delegates, who later in the day elected Secretary Blaine chairman of the Conference, and adjourned their deliberations until November 18th.

On October 3d such of the delegates as chose to do so started on the proposed trip through the country. On that day the party went to West Point, where portraits of Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, presented to the Military Academy by Mr. George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, were unveiled in their presence. They next proceeded, by way of New York, to Boston. They will inspect many factories and mills in New England, will visit Niagara Falls and the Mammoth Cave, and will travel altogether rather more than 5000 miles, reaching Minneapolis and St. Paul in the Northwest, and Louisville in the South, and visiting the principal cities of the Northeastern quarter of the country. The actual work of the Conference will begin on the return of the delegates to Washington.

Among students of the subjects which the Conference was called to discuss, many of the delegates from Mexico, Central and South America are known as well as, if not better than, the delegates selected to represent this country.

John B. Henderson is a lawyer familiar with the commercial interests of the Mississippi Valley, and a close personal friend of Secretary Blaine. Cornelius N. Bliss, although the head of a large dry-goods firm in New York city, is better known as a prominent local Republican politician. Charles R. Flint is a leather dealer who does a large business with South American countries. He is a Democrat.

Clement Studebaker is one of the firm of Studebaker Brothers, who make an enormous number of wagons at their factory in South Bend, Indiana, and ship them to all parts of the earth. He has intimate business dealings with all the South American countries. Mr. Studebaker is a self-made man, a Republican, and an ardent protectionist. He is very wealthy.

T. Jefferson Coolidge is a Harvard graduate, and is a wealthy Republican manufacturer. William Henry Trescot is the author of a book on American diplomacy, has been Secretary of Legation in London, Assistant Secretary of State, Commissioner to negotiate treaties with China and with Mexico, has filled many delicate foreign missions, and is acknowledged to be the best diplomat in this country. He is a Democrat.

Andrew Carnegie is the well-known Pittsburgh millionaire, a Scotchman, and an intimate personal friend of Mr. Blaine. He is a radical protectionist. Henry G. Davis is a former Senator from West Virginia, and is a railroad president. He is a protection Democrat, and the father-in-law of Stephen B. Elkins.

Morris M. Estee is a lawyer, and at the same time the second largest fruit grower in California; he is a personal friend of Mr. Blaine. John F. Hanson has paid much attention to the study of the subjects which will come before the Conference, and has written somewhat on them. He is a protection Democrat.

From Mexico comes Matías Romero, a lawyer; from 1859 to 1868 he was Secretary of Legation, Chargé d'Affaires, and Minister at Washington; he has been Finance Minister and Postmaster-General of Mexico, and since 1881 has been Minister at Washington. He has written on historical matters, and is a master of English.

Fernando Cruz is a publicist of high rank, has been Minister for Foreign Affairs of Guatemala, and is now Minister at Washington. Manuel Aragon, of Costa Rica, is a merchant, a Deputy to the Congress of his country, and Vice-President of that body; he has also been Minister of Finance of Costa Rica.

Señor Caamaño was once President of Ecuador, and is now Governor of one of the Ecuadorian states. Señor Zelaya has been Minister for Foreign Affairs of Honduras, and has represented his country twice in international conferences similar to the present Conference.

Vincente Quesada is Argentine Minister at Washington; his colleague, Señor Quintana, is a leader of the Buenos Ayres bar, and has had experience in diplomacy. José Alfonso is the leading authority in Chili on international law; while his colleague, Señor Varas, is the Chilian Minister at Washington.

Bolivia is represented by its Minister at Washington, who has had a long diplomatic experience in the service of his country. Nicanor Peraza is a journalist, editing one of the Spanish newspapers of this city; he represents Venezuela. Señor Valente has just been appointed, for the second time, Brazilian Minister to this country. Lafayette Pereira has been Minister of Justice of Brazil, and is the leading lawyer of that empire. The third delegate from Brazil is Salvador de Mendonça, who has been Consul-General in New York for the last fourteen years. Nicaragua, Colombia, and Peru are represented by their respective Ministers at Washington.

THE SPECULATIVE BUILDER AND HIS METHODS.

It is said upon authority that there are over five thousand buildings in course of erection in the city of New York at the present time. These, of course, are of every class, from the twelve-story business palace of Charles Broadway Rouss to the home-maker's modest little two-story frame cottage in the district north of the Harlem River. It is in such times of activity as these that the "speculative builder" expands himself, and just at this period he is spreading his personality and methods all over the city, from the Battery to Riverdale; though chiefly in the upper west side and the Harlem district.

There are two distinct classes of this ubiquitous individual as known at the Department of Buildings—one is called the "speculative builder," the other the "jerry builder." The first-named, as understood at the Department, is the builder whose capital is either none at all or very small, whose intentions are good and building methods honest, but who is always taking big chances in borrowing money for his operations at exorbitant rates, thus keeping himself in the power of the money-lender. In prosperous times like the present, when fairly built dwelling-houses are bought up almost as soon as completed, the officials do not look very sharply after this class of builder, as their time is pretty well occupied in watching the "jerrys," but when times get troublous with him, and houses don't sell, and the "banker" wants his money, it is then, if he happens to be carrying on other operations, that the building inspectors look well about them.

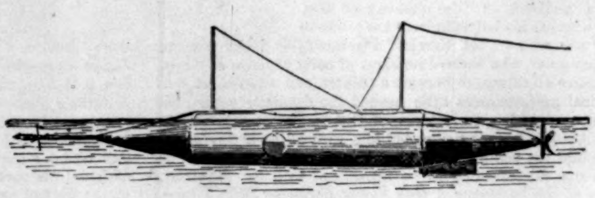
But it is the "jerry builders" that keep the inspectors busy. Of that class was Charles A. Buddensiek, who is now serving out a sentence of ten years in Sing Sing for crushing the life out of a poor workman in the ruins of the "mud mortar" structures that collapsed in West Sixty-second Street about four years ago. Here was a man who for twelve years had been erecting tenements and other dwellings, and in deliberation coolly ordering his workmen to violate all the laws of both the Building and Health Departments, with which he was continually at loggerheads. In fact, throughout his twelve years of dishonest building, during which he is said to have accumulated a fortune of over five hundred thousand dollars, no less than three hundred complaints were lodged against him in the Building Department for violations of the rules. He, unfortunately for himself, became a notorious example, and had to suffer, though there were others just as guilty as he. There are still plenty of them; their buildings do not fall down and rudely crush the victims to death, but stand erect, with their violations of all sanitary laws in the ventilating arrangements and in the plumbing, poisoning the inmates year after year with vitiated air and foul sewer gases, bringing a typhoid death to many, and a living death in lingering illness to others. This "jerry builder" may put cement and good sand in his mortar, may come up to the requirements of the law with his proportions of lime and plastering hair, buy well-baked brick for his side walls and front; but he leaves out the traps in his sewer pipes; he makes sewer connections that are so small and inadequate that the sewage stays fast in the pipes, festering there, and sending up its deadly germs to kill the infant and poison the adult. This is how the jerry builder commits murder by another method—a slower one than Buddensiek took, but as sure a one as was the brutal crushing out of the life of that scoundrel's victim.

How did this class of man arise in the midst of an enlightened community? Forty years ago, when the city first begun to take upon itself the distinctive features of a metropolis, the "jerry builder" made his appearance on the current of business activity. In dwellings the high-stooped, square-front brick or brown-stone house was the prime favorite among all classes, and became accepted all over the country as the "New York vernacular" in architecture. It was through the opportunities offered for flimsy substitution in this class of building that the "jerry builder" became a factor in the community, and encumbered Manhattan Island with his fragile structures. He is peculiarly a product of the New York speculative mania. He is, if it may so be called, a necessary evil that is always sure to be coincident with the rapid development of a city's population and material resources. He is a factor that may be largely productive of good or evil, the tendency depending greatly upon the moral integrity, as well as the business necessities, of the person or persons who may be in direction of the operations. The conditions that permit him to exist in New York, and just now to flourish generally, can have no place in the municipal economy of any other cities of the United States, with the possible exception of Philadelphia and Chicago; and even in these two cities they can only exist to a limited extent, and but temporarily at that, for though the jerry builder may develop in a crude sort of way during periods of unwonted activity in building enterprise, he does not have a fair chance to arrive at that perfection of his art that his New York compeer often attains. Brooklyn is not mentioned in this connection, for the reason that the conditions which exist in New York are the same there, as for all practical purposes the two cities are about as one.

The causes that permit him to pursue his way and prosper in New York may be summed up in a general way under four headings: First, the unsatisfied demands of an enormous, restless, and ever-increasing population for homes of all classes suited to their individual needs and wants. Second, the greed of capital that is seeking a channel for remunerative investment; the competition that this greed enforces places the necessary means within reach of the unscrupulous and irresponsible builder for carrying to the end his nefarious enterprises. Third, the political and private corruption that exists in the various departments of the city government with which this class of law-breaker is likely to come into conflict, and if he has a political "pull," enabling him to violate the laws with impunity, or, if not that way, by smoothing his way with bribery, which guarantees him equal immunity from possible consequences. Fourth, the red tape of the law, which, when honest enforcement of regulations is attempted by the officials of the department involved, practically forbids prompt and decisive action on the part of the authorities when flagrant violations of the building or sanitary laws are discovered, and the offender brought to answer.

An interesting case of evasion of the sanitary regulations was brought to light but a short time since in connection with a row of so-called first-class dwelling-houses on a street uptown, west of Central Park. The cellars for these houses had been blasted out of solid rock, involving an enormous expense to the builder. To make the connections for the street sewer called for a further expenditure of $300 for each house. This also involved blasting in each case; but instead of so doing, the contractor ran the waste-pipe from each house down under the cellar floor, and thence back under the yard to a point beyond the fence line, where the mouth of the "private sewer" was hidden under a pile of broken rock that ostensibly was there to make a foundation for the rear fences. This one item saved the builder nearly $2000, and when the roguery was discovered, some six months after, and then only after an investigation by the Board of Health into the cause of so much sickness in the row, it was found that the houses had been built by a well-known "jerry builder," but in the name of a "dummy," who was legally the responsible party, and who could not be found when searched for. This could not possibly have been done without the connivance of the sanitary inspector, but there is no record of any one ever having been brought to account for it. It was just such an arrangement as this, the employment of a "dummy" by Buddensiek in all his operations that enabled him for so long to evade the legal consequences of his violations of the law.

Scott Thompson.



THE HALPINE TORPEDO-BOAT.

The first public trial of the Halpine torpedo-boat was made a few days ago in the waters of New York Bay, in the vicinity of Bay Ridge, Long Island. The torpedo-boat is of copper, cigar-like in shape, having a total length of twenty-three feet, with a diameter of twenty-four inches, and carries a shell four feet long, of ten inches diameter, capable of holding one hundred pounds of explosive materials.

The torpedo-boat having been launched in comparatively shallow water, the copper cylinder started out in a straight line from the shore, then took a curve to the left, steering itself to a net stretched on a boom. Having discharged its shell, it then backed water, and turning completely round within a small circle, returned to the place of departure. As far as controlling the movements of the torpedo-boat from the shore, the experimental trip was perfectly successful. The course travelled over was made in quick time, the torpedo-boat responding to all changes of direction, and the shell being fired from the boat at exactly the proper moment.

Having thus briefly described the character of the trial, the peculiarities of this novel torpedo-boat are now to be considered. The Halpine torpedo-boat is the first one of the kind which carries within itself its own power, the electric force being derived from a storage battery contained within the boat. This force is sufficient to cause the propeller to revolve at a good speed, so that the boat will move at from twelve to fourteen knots per hour. With increase of power, derived from storage batteries of greater capacity, a higher rate of speed is of course possible.

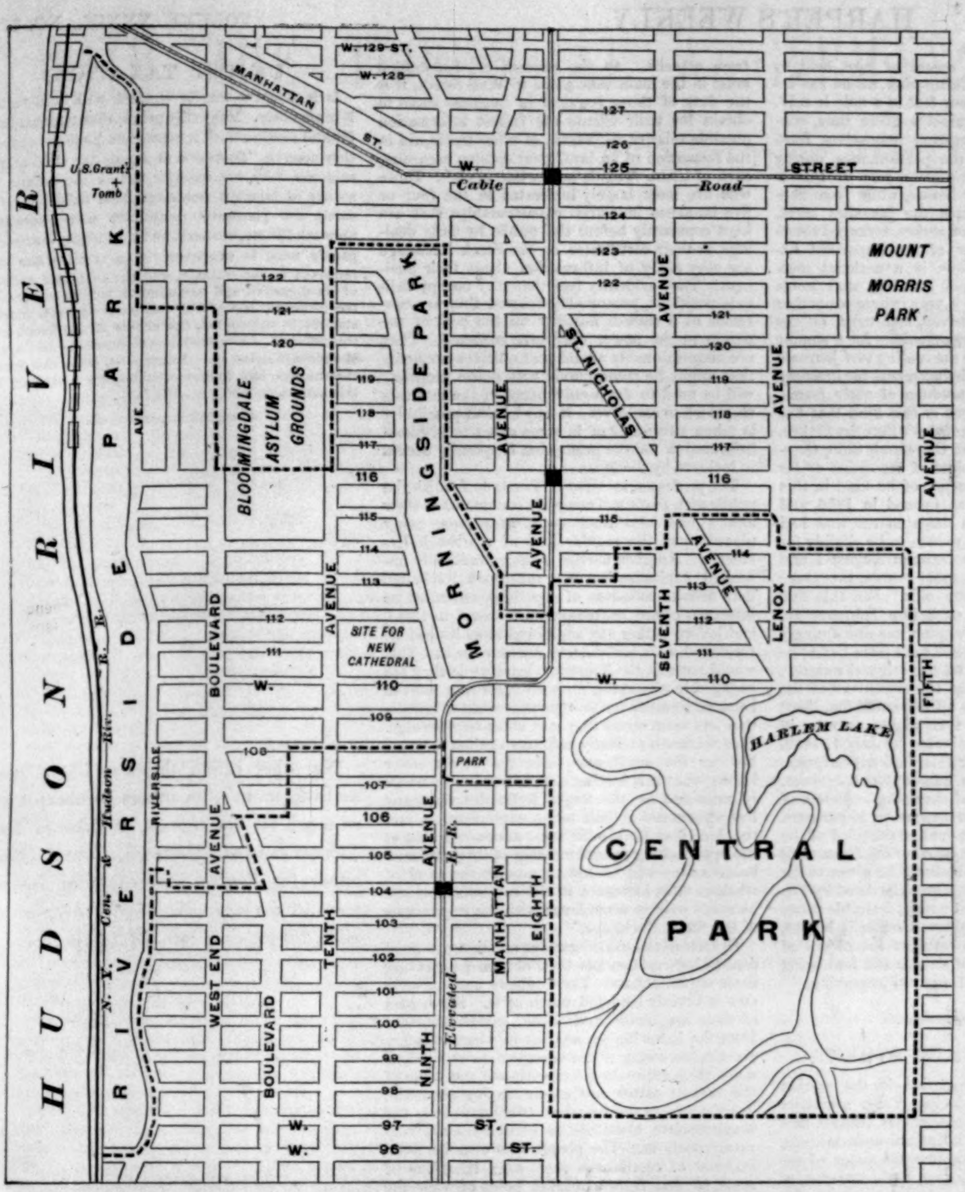
The peculiarity of the Halpine torpedo-boat is that it carries its own shell, which can be made to leave the apparatus at the will of the operator on the shore, or it is discharged from the boat automatically when an impediment is met with, such as the netting now used by men-of-war as preventives against the approach of torpedoes.

At the bow of the torpedo-boat protrudes a short spar, which has a javelin head. When the torpedo-boat is directed toward a man-of-war having netting, this javelin head is entangled, and at once two pieces of steel, precisely like those of a lilly iron on a harpoon, open, and help further to hold the spar entangled. This is sufficient to draw out the wooden spar, which imparts a dip to the torpedo-boat, and at the same time fires the charge which drives out the loaded shell, which shell, taking a downward direction, explodes either by contact, or by means of an electric battery within the shell, as used by Captain Zalinski. It will now be understood how this torpedo-boat differs from all other similar inventions. The boat itself is independent, in a measure, of its projectile. It carries its own shell, discharges it at the proper time, and is always under control by means of a shore wire. After having sent off its shell, the boat returns to its point of departure, and, a new shell being put in the boat, the attack can be renewed. In other apparatus the torpedo shell, having its own motion, is a unit, and it is destroyed when exploded, or, in other words, is "hoist with its own petard."

A very novel method of directing the movement of the Halpine torpedo-boat is in the use of a single wire. In the trial made the wire was that known as No. 20, and this is so light that forty-five pounds of it can be extended to the length of a mile. The torpedo-boat, carrying its own reel, unwinds its wire as it goes on its course; and the end of the wire being in the hands of the person on shore, he can by this single strand steer her as he pleases or fire the shell, the shell being, when necessary, made independent of the cutting or entangling boom. By means of the controlling wire, if there be a netting around the ship to be attacked, as soon as the shell is discharged, the boat is made to back and returns. This torpedo-boat can be employed to drop shells in a channel in a fairly accurate manner, which shells can remain intact, to be exploded later, when connection is made between them and the shore. One essential point which renders the Halpine torpedo-boat worthy of study by our military and naval authorities is this, that by its use a very full series of experiments can be made, and at a limited cost. The expense of the shell being small, and the boat itself not being demolished, the shell can be sent out as often as is wished, and reliable data will be obtainable of the effectiveness of all classes of torpedoes.

The problem of constructing an independent boat, "having its own motor power, and carrying a shell to be fired from it, which can be backed automatically to a position of safety prior to the discharge of the explosive, whereby the boat proper remains uninjured, the boat being capable of constant usage," has been seemingly solved by Lieutenant Nicholas J. Halpine, of the United States navy, this officer now being on board of the *Tallapoosa*, following out his line of duty in South American waters. The many nice details of the electrical work and construction have been carried out by Mr. Arthur W. Savage.

In more than one respect the Halpine torpedo-boat shows the rapid advance made in electricity in warfare, and is indicative of the constant attempts made by the offence to beat down the defence. If rope or wire netting before this were supposed to give a man-of-war security against torpedo attacks, the probability is that ships with such defences will no longer be considered safe. If the Halpine torpedo-boat can take advantage of exactly such obstacles as are now in use, and fire her shell so as to strike the keel of the vessel, or somewhere near the ship's bottom, the uselessness of netting would be at once demonstrable.



MAP OF SUGGESTED SITE FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR OF 1892—BOUNDARIES INDICATED BY THE DOTTED LINE AS DEFINED BY THE SUBCOMMITTEE ON BUILDINGS.

THE EXPOSITION SITE.

To those persons who have taken the trouble to make a personal examination of the ground and its surroundings, the Exposition site recently selected by the Committee on Site and Buildings has advantages which even the partisans of other localities cannot overlook or deny. Putting out of the question entirely its topographical features, which have to be more or less studied to be fully appreciated, the advantages of location are seen to be so great as to preclude the necessity of explaining why this particular locality was chosen in preference to any of the other really excellent sites that were considered by the committee. It has been said publicly and otherwise that at the beginning of its work the Committee on Site and Buildings had as many good sites in mind as it had members. Assuming the correctness of this, the almost perfect unanimity with which the committee decided upon Riverside and Morningside parks and adjoining lands as the site for the Exposition buildings, with incidental use of the upper part of Central Park, shows incontestably the claims of this locality for the purposes intended. Members who are said to have hesitated at first, when the possibly large cost of the land was considered, withdrew all objection upon taking into account the vastly increased receipts that the location would bring to the Exposition. Presumably they acted upon the business principle of the Broadway merchants, who declare that it is easy enough to pay large rents if they have plenty of business to do it with. In their case the location brings the business, and so, it is argued, the case will be with the Exposition.

Circumstances attending the work of the subcommittee on buildings, to which was referred the task of ascertaining upon what terms the private property within the proposed area of the site could be obtained, have modified to some extent the boundaries as originally published. At a recent meeting the subcommittee adopted resolutions recommending that the site should consist of Riverside and Morningside parks; the private property north of Central Park, between 110th and 113th streets and Fifth and Eighth avenues; the private property on each side of the Bloomingdale Asylum from 116th Street to 122d Street; the private property bounded on the north by 116th Street west of Morningside Park, and 113th Street east of Morningside Park, on the east by Eighth Avenue, on the west by Riverside Park, and on the south by an irregular line running from 108th Street at Eighth Avenue to some point yet to be defined on the eastern edge of Riverside Park. In addition, Central Park above Ninety-sixth Street is to be used as an annex for refreshment and recreative purposes. It is expected that these boundaries will have to be modified to meet the demands of contingencies likely to arise in the final negotiations for the private property.

It is entirely too early as yet to do more than indicate indefinitely where the various buildings will be placed. One of the large buildings will doubtless be erected on the plot of ground immediately north of Central Park. Machinery Hall would naturally go there, by reason of the comparative ease with which heavy machinery could be carried to it from any of the available steam-boat wharves on the North and East rivers. In that case the Main Building would necessarily be placed on the higher ground between Morningside and Riverside parks, somewhere south of 116th Street. There is room on the east and west sides of the Bloomingdale Asylum for large buildings. Morningside Park itself, while not available for large buildings, may be found useful for some of the smaller structures necessary to such an Exposition. South of the indicated location of the Main Building there will be plenty of space for large or small buildings, and in the neighborhood of 110th Street and Manhattan Avenue other structures may be built to advantage.

Riverside Park has an area of 59 acres, excluding the roadway of 18 acres. The area of Morningside Park is 30 acres. The acreage of the site as outlined has not been definitely computed, and perhaps will not be until the boundaries are accurately determined; but it seems probable that enough land will be secured to give an aggregate of 250 acres outside of Central Park. This will be amply sufficient for all the purposes of the Exposition, leaving the upper part of Central Park as a resting-place for weary sightseers.

In itself the site is varied enough to be an interesting location for the Exposition. On a summer afternoon the views from Riverside Drive in the neighborhood of the tomb of General Grant are alone worth the journey to that part of Manhattan Island. The broad expanse of the Hudson River stretches north and south until the high banks on either side are lost in haze. On the opposite shore are the Palisades, which extend northward until their precipitous fronts merge themselves into the purple bulk of the distant hills. The river is at all times busy with passing craft of various kinds, from the Albany steam-boat to the meeker but no less useful brick sloop from Haverstraw. During the Exposition the river here will be a marine study of more than casual interest.

The Riverside bluff is about 150 feet high. At its foot are the tracks of the Hudson River Railroad, which is doubtless prepared to build stations at various points along the Exposition water-front. The water is deep enough to accommodate any size of vessel that may wish to land, including ocean steam-ships loaded with foreign exhibits, and huge excursion steamers and ferry-boats, which may be expected to touch here in large numbers. For marine displays the location could not well be improved upon, unless the committee had adopted the proposed plan of placing the Exposition buildings on piles in the shallow water of New York Bay southwest of the statue of Liberty.

The western and eastern parts of the site are comparatively level, with the sharp ascent of Morningside Park between them to break the monotony of an absolutely level location. From the highest point of Morningside Park the visitor may see a wide stretch of land below him, most of it built up thickly with attractive new houses, but all of it interesting to the eye. The vacant plot between 113th Street and the north end of Central Park is the only extensive area not yet occupied by buildings. From the Morningside Park point of view the nearness of the site to the centre of population is clearly apparent. North and east of the site, within easy walking distance, are the homes of tens of thousands of prosperous people, who will do their share toward making the Exposition a success, while south and east the great city extends to the Battery. The site is so convenient that hundreds of thousands of people will be able to walk to the Exposition, thus placing themselves beyond the temporary inconveniences of crowded cars.

The transportation facilities will be so complete, however, that there will not be much danger of unnecessary crowding either in going to or in leaving the Exposition grounds. In addition to the steam-boat and railroad transportation available at the foot of the bluff at Riverside Park, all the elevated railroads can have stations adjoining the grounds, while the Central-Hudson Railroad can transport tens of thousands of passengers daily by means of its Park Avenue viaduct. Thus it will be seen at a glance that there can be no lack of adequate transportation facilities. The people are so well satisfied with the committee's selection, apparently, that they have ceased to offer suggestions in opposition to it, and have begun to send in their ideas concerning buildings and the laying out of the grounds.

It is difficult to say at present upon what terms the property comprising the site will be secured. An encouraging feature of the work of the subcommittee to which was intrusted the task of conferring with property owners is the fact that many of the lot-holders interested have so far expressed their good-will toward the Exposition enterprise as to offer the use of their property, free of all charge, for as long a time as it should be needed. Many others have assured the committee that their lots are at the disposal of the Exposition upon any terms that the committee may see fit to make. Still others, who have mortgages to carry, feel that they should have about five per cent. of a reasonable valuation as a rental. A few persons are disposed to sell at current market prices.

GOVERNORS OF THE NEW STATES.

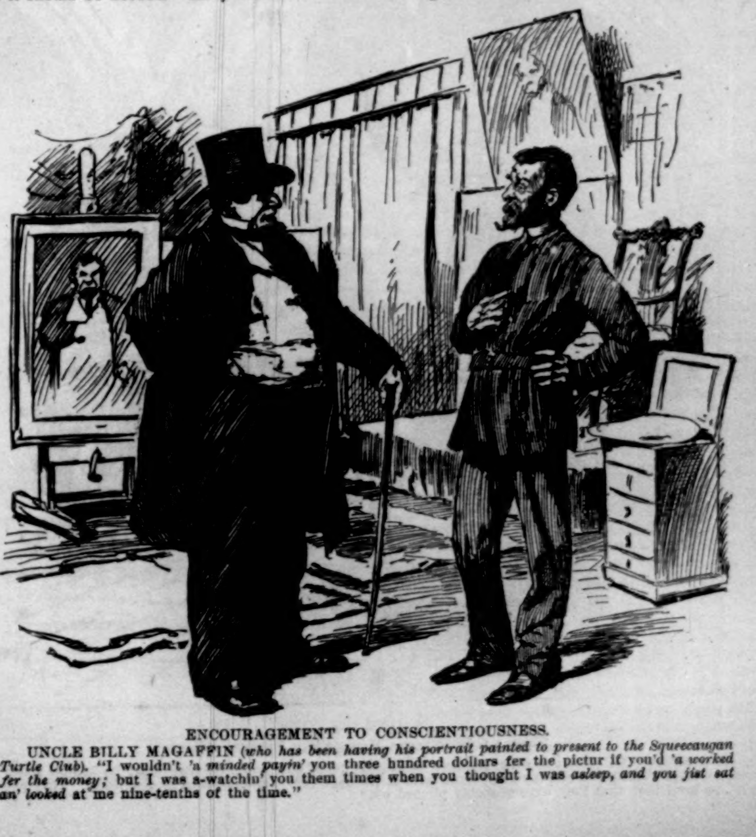
On the 1st of October elections were held in South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, and Washington Territories for the ratification of their new constitutions, preliminary to admission into the Union as States, and for the choice of State officers, Representatives in Congress, and members of the Legislatures.

Arthur C. Mellette, who was appointed Territorial Governor of Dakota last spring, was elected Governor of South Dakota. He is a lawyer by profession, forty-seven years of age, and a native of Henry County, Indiana. He is a graduate of the State University at Bloomington, Indiana, and served in the war in the Ninth Indiana Infantry, taking part in the campaigns of the Army of the Cumberland. He returned to Henry County after his discharge, and entered upon the practice of his profession. He took part in local politics, and removing to Dakota in 1879, he was appointed Register of the Land Office at Springfield. He was a member of the Sioux Falls Constitutional Convention in 1883, and in 1885 was elected to the office of Governor under the Constitution then framed, though it never went into effect. He resides at Watertown, and has taken a prominent part in South Dakota in the movement for statehood.

John Miller, familiarly known as "Farmer" Miller, was elected Governor of North Dakota. He was born at Dryden, New York, about forty years ago, was brought up on a farm, and educated in the common schools of his native town. He engaged in mercantile business at Dryden, beginning as a clerk in a country store, and in 1880 went to Dakota in the employment of the Dwight Farm and Land Company, with headquarters at Dwight, Richland County. He had nothing to do with politics until 1888, when he was elected to the Territorial Council, where he developed a popularity that led to his being nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor much against his inclination.

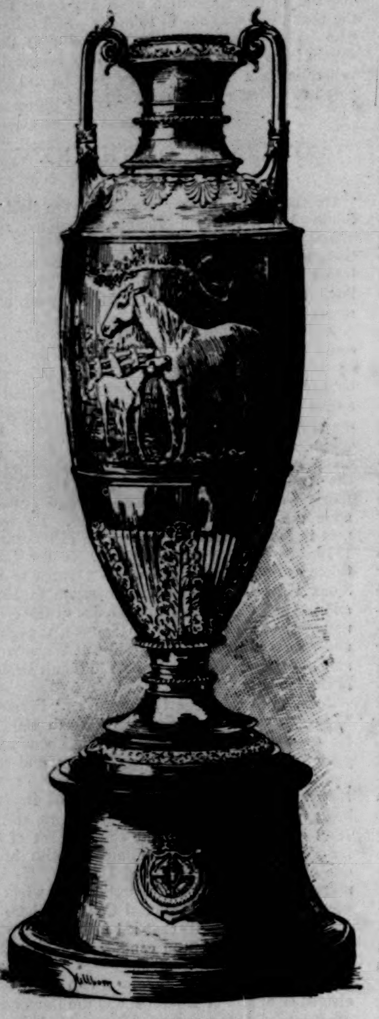
Joseph K. Toole, who appears to have been elected Governor of Montana, was the Democratic candidate. He is a native of Savannah, Missouri, where he was born in May, 1851. He obtained his early education at St. Joseph, whither his family had moved, and in 1867 entered the Western Military Academy at New Castle, Kentucky, which was presided over by General E. Kirby Smith. Two years later he removed to Montana, and established himself at Helena, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was elected District Attorney at the age of twenty-one, and held the office for years. He was chosen to the Legislative Assembly of the Territory in 1880, and became President of the Council. In 1885 he was elected Delegate to Congress, and has served in that capacity for two terms.

The Governor-elect of Washington is Elisha P. Ferry, of Seattle. He is a native of Illinois, and practised law at Waukegan, in that State, from 1846 to 1859, and was at one time Mayor of that city. During a part of the civil war he served on the staff of Governor Yates, and aided in organizing volunteer regiments for the service. He went to Washington Territory about twenty years ago, and from 1870 to 1873 held the office of Surveyor-General. He was appointed Governor of the Territory by President Grant, and held the office eight years. He then removed from Olympia to Seattle, and resumed the practice of the law as a member of the firm of McKnaught, Ferry, & Mitchell, and became Vice-President of the Puget Sound National Bank.



ENCOURAGEMENT TO CONSCIENTIOUSNESS.

UNCLE BILLY MAGAFFIN (*who has been having his portrait painted to present to the Squeecaugan Turtle Club*). "I wouldn't 'a *minded payin'* you three hundred dollars fer the pictur if you'd 'a *worked fer the money;* but I was a-watchin' you them times when you thought I was *asleep, and you jist sat an' looked* at me nine-tenths of the time."



THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" FUTURITY CUP, TROTTED FOR AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, ON OCTOBER 8, 1889.—Designed and Manufactured by Tiffany & Co., New York.

"SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" FUTURITY STAKES CUP.

AMONG the points of interest in connection with the breeding of the trotting horse there is probably none more attractive to the general public than the trials of speed between the young stock as their training and development go on from year to year. At the present time California holds the majority of the champion trotting records at the various ages, with Norlaine's performance, as a yearling, of a mile in 2.31½, Sunol's 2.18 at two years, and Manzanita's 2.16 at four years. The same State has also produced such fleet young pacers as Yolo Maid, with a record of 2.14 at three years, and Arrow, who earned a mark of 2.14 at four years. This season the Kentucky-bred colt Axtell has continuously lowered the three-year-old record of 2.18, held by Sallie Wilkes, another Californian, till he has accomplished the marvellous feat of a mile in 2.14. Besides these trials against a given time, contests between the youngsters themselves form an important part of the performance during the racing season. The early part of this is given over to the older horses, while from September till winter comes the juveniles meet, principally in contests for stakes, arranged something after the manner of the important fixtures for runners. There is a national association of trotting-horse breeders that holds a regular meeting once a year, where a number of these stakes are decided, and most of the States have their own organizations for a similar purpose. Besides these the leading turf journals are accustomed to offer inducements for breeders to bring out the best produce of their farms. The most important event of this kind that has taken place this fall is the *Spirit's* Futurity Stakes, which was trotted for at Cleveland, Ohio, October 8th, under the auspices of the *Spirit of the Times*, the oldest publication of its kind in this country. This stake was opened in 1886, and the subscribers were to name mares that had been bred in 1885, the produce to be eligible for a contest to take place between August 1 and October 15, 1889, or, in other words, the stake was made for three-year-olds. For this 296 mares were named on or before February 20, 1886. The second subscription was due January 8, 1887, when the produce of each mare had to be named and described. Of the original number, 139 remained and fulfilled the conditions of the second subscription. As a third condition, those foals previously named that wished to start in the race were to be nominated by July 1, 1889. When the time came for this final subscription, ten young trotters were named for the event. The total money value of the stake is $5340, of which 70 per cent. goes to the winner, 20 per cent. to the second, and 10 per cent. to the third of the competitors. To this the *Spirit of the Times* adds a cup valued at $1000, which will be given to the winner. This cup has been manufactured by Tiffany & Co., and is in itself a most desirable prize. It is of solid silver, twenty-seven inches in height, appropriately designed to express the object of its donation, the figures of a mare and foal being the most prominent feature of the engraving.

TRUSTS IN WALL STREET.

A VERY serious depreciation in the market value of two of the principal Trust securities dealt in on the Stock Exchange has aroused new interest in that class of industrial undertakings. In spite of the extra-hazardous character of operations in Trust certificates, both because of their newness and the professed necessity for concealing many of the facts regarding the operations of the Trusts, they have become favorites with the speculative community. With the average investor they have not found much favor for the reasons just given. Still a large number of rich men have bought them upon the advice or suggestions of those familiar with their organization and management. The decline in the market for them has also brought to the surface evidence that there has been some buying of them, with a view to income, by people of moderate means.

If the Trust idea survives, holdings of Trust certificates by a large number of people will, of course, help to protect the execution of the idea from attacks. As the process of distribution must in the main take place in Wall Street, it is the duty of those engaged in business there to obtain for their clients the fullest information possible relative to Trusts; in other words, aid in the formation of an intelligent opinion regarding each of them. This is not an easy matter. Those who are most largely interested in the four or five immense industrial copartnerships that are kept constantly before the public by daily dealings in their certificates on the Stock Exchange are very chary of information about their business. They evidently feel that they occupy delicate positions, presumably because they are conscious of a certain hostility on the part of the public to the power they have collected. They are unquestionably afraid that official statements that might be made public with entire propriety will be used to the disadvantage of the interests they wish to conserve. It may be that possibility is taken advantage of in some cases to withhold information for the profit that frequently occurs to insiders by doing so.

The professed inability of Trusts to furnish the public with exact and complete statements of their affairs has kept their certificates from being placed upon the regular lists of the Stock Exchange. Another barrier is their practically unlimited capitalization, for the Stock Exchange lists definite amounts of securities, and must be informed of any contemplated increase in them, and before listing any additional issue it must be furnished with satisfactory reasons for it. This would not suit the Trusts, at least while they are engaged in absorbing properties, for they want to issue certificates for that purpose without restriction and upon terms they may not care to divulge. This feature manifestly militates against the market for the certificates, since the street never knows what it is buying. This has been partially remedied, as the Sugar Refineries Company has announced a limit to its capitalization, and the American Cotton Oil Trust announces that at the approaching annual meeting of its certificate-holders they will be apt to modify the deed of trust, so that increases in the capitalization can be made only in accordance with the regulations of the Stock Exchange.

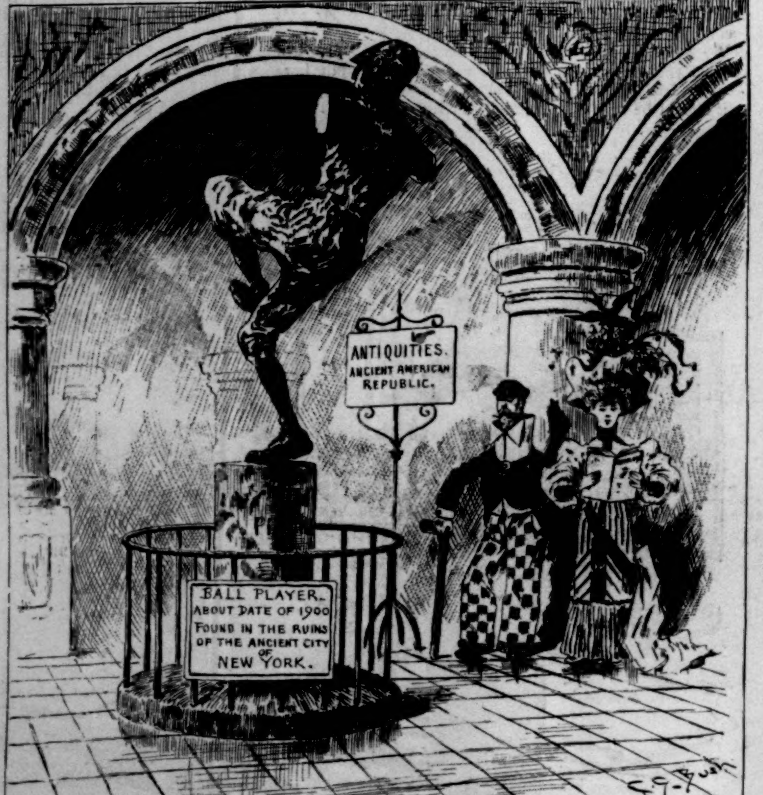
In spite of the considerations mentioned, a good deal of information has been obtained regarding these organizations. Their officers have directly and indirectly supplied much of it. Some idea of their magnitude and scope may be obtained from the following summaries, in which it is impracticable, owing to the meagre data at hand, to more than approximate or estimate the value of the various plants and accompanying good-will. A reference to the Standard Oil Company is not inappropriate, although its certificates are very rarely dealt in. The people who own its $90,000,000 of certificates seem very tenacious of them, so that from a market point of view the concern is really a "private affair." It deserves mention in this connection because it is the original enterprise of its kind, and has not only served as a pattern for all the others, but the men who have made their fortunes in it are largely interested in at least two of the other Trusts.

The first concern to attain prominence in Wall Street was the American Cotton Oil Trust, which now has $42,000,000 of certificates outstanding. Last year it crushed five hundred thousand tons of cotton seed, or about 70 per cent. of the total. It is not only a producer of cotton oil, but controls numerous refineries and manufacturing establishments. The value of the crude products turned out by it last year averaged at least $25 a ton, indicating a business of $12,500,000, to say nothing of its development of those products into articles of consumption. The certificates of the Sugar Refineries Company and of the National Lead Trust made their appearance on the Stock Exchange at about the same time. The capitalization of the Sugar Trust is $50,000,000. Last year it refined about 73½ per cent. of the sugar used in this country, and the non-Trust refineries 26½ per cent. Trustworthy estimates are that during the first half of this year it refined 62½ per cent., while the non-Trust refiners turned out 34½ per cent. The profits of the Trust have been enormous, and have, as might be expected, created competition. Mr. Claus Spreckles, who has heretofore confined himself to refining sugar on the Pacific coast, has nearly completed one-half of a large refinery in Philadelphia, which will probably be in operation by January 1st next, and turning out about 3000 barrels of sugar per day. It is suspected that recent heavy sales of sugar stock have been based upon the certainty that this competition will have to be met and possibly absorbed. The property of the Trust is estimated at fifteen to twenty million dollars, and it is believed to have accumulated a surplus often of fifteen millions, besides paying 10 per cent. upon its capitalization, since its organization. The present capitalization of the Lead Trust is, in round numbers, $86,000,000, which represents the absorption of about 92 per cent. of the white-lead corroders in this country. The industry was in a bad way when the Trust took hold of it, but it is now claimed that between three and four per cent. per annum is being earned upon its capitalization. The last to make its appearance is the Distillers' and Cattle-feeders' Trust, with a capital of nearly $31,000,000. It owns or controls distilleries that manufacture about 83 per cent. of the whiskey and spirits produced in the United States. It pays dividends of one-eighth of one per cent. per month, but until recently it distributed a larger amount.

It is not surprising that Wall Street has been somewhat disturbed by the capitalization and the redistribution of the immense capital invested in these industries. The unanimous comment is that it is doing its work admirably.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, October 5, 1889.*


ANTIQUITIES.
ANCIENT AMERICAN REPUBLIC.
BALL PLAYER.
ABOUT DATE OF 1900
FOUND IN THE RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF NEW YORK.
C. G. Bush

IN TIME TO COME.

Time, A.D. 2500; Scene, Metropolitan Museum, Chicago.

SHE. "The catalogue says 'Ancient Ball-Player'; but how could he play ball? he has no arms."

HE. "Well, you see, my dear, those were in the days before they pitched by electricity. They played so hard then that they were probably pitched off."

UNJUST TAXATION.

IT is unjust to tax the stomach with burdens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize that faithful servitor until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a result of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquillized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism, and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.—[*Adv.*]

No other Life Policies as liberal cost as little money, no others as cheap give as much for the money, as those of THE TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn. Best either for Family Protection or Investment of Savings. Non-forfeitable, world-wide, lowest cash rate.—[*Adv.*]

NICHOLSON'S Liquid Bread is a pure extract of malt without an equal. It is a delightful and refreshing drink, and should be used by every family.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

$1,000,000 worth Fine Monuments at cost. N. Y. and Mass. Granite Works. W. Robinson, 1146 Broadway, New York.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WASH THE BABY with CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP, and he will be clean, healthy, and happy, 25 cents. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

MANY young children become positively repulsive with sore eyes, sore ears, and scald head. Such afflictions may be speedily removed by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Young and old alike experience the wonderful benefits of this medicine.—[*Adv.*]

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HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

WITH THE TROOPS AT A GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRE.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

GERMANY supports in time of peace nearly half a million soldiers, not because she looks upon war as a possible contingency, as we do, but from the conviction that such a calamity is to be momentarily expected. So thoroughly is this conviction spread amongst the people, that they bear the burden of universal military service with extraordinary meekness, not to say cheerfulness, and wonder how Englishmen and Americans fail to see its advantage. This great popular sentiment in favor of the army is maintained to a large extent by a general recognition that what the army does is done in the best possible manner, and that in its present condition war means to Germany but temporary mischief to be followed by still further increase of its material wealth and prestige.

The great military machine of the Father-land must, however, from time to time be set in motion by the chief engineer, to see that the parts revolve smoothly and the machinists understand their business; and when actual war is not present to give the soldiers the highest training, the government institutes field operations on a large scale, called grand manœuvres.

Last year two army corps, each numbering about twenty-five thousand men, were for a week pitted against one another in the country eastward of Berlin, covering an area of about thirty miles by twenty, a territory so large as to enable the contending forces to practise the precautions necessary in actual war and sufficiently diversified by timber, water, and slight elevations as to form a moderate test for engineers, artillery, infantry, and cavalry—principally the last, for the sandy plains of north Germany are as well adapted to cavalry operations as our Western prairies, with the advantage on the side of Germany, for their troopers do not have to watch for prairie-dog holes.

The first grand manœuvres of Kaiser William II. excited unusual interest, and as affording him the first opportunity to show his manner of handling large bodies of troops, they had a political significance that was not lost upon those whose business it is to judge of what is to come by the accidents of to-day. The thirty-year-old Emperor was suspected of being ambitious, he was known to be an enthusiastic cavalry officer, but no one save such as had known him intimately appreciated in him the qualities of patience, self-denial, and perseverance which, linked with a dash of genius, make the ideal soldier.

It would be too much to detail the whole week's work of the manœuvres, a theme that could interest but the soldier by profession. Perhaps, then, my own experience as a plain Yankee will best reflect to those who were not there the character of this great military display.

At four o'clock of a chilly morning in the middle of September, 1888, the rap, rap on my door tells me that I must get up by the light of the candle, shiver into my cold bath, get into my hunting rig, hurry down to a cup of coffee, a roll, and boiled egg, and then rattle off to the Friedrichstrasse Station, whence the special train for the manœuvre field starts at 5.45. This train is only for the special guests of the Emperor, including a variety of kings and princes; officers of high rank, who are to act as umpires, and the military attachés accredited to Berlin. As I am the only guest not in military dress, my presence cannot fail to excite the suspicion of every official about the station, not to mention those that later on see me in the field, and it is only after exchanging greetings with some of my fellow-travellers, whom I had already met, that the railway authorities concluded that I would not probably do much harm.

With Prussian punctuality the train rolls out of the station in the gray of the morning, and in the hour that we have before reaching the end of the railway journey we are all busy studying the official maps and the dispositions for the day as issued from head-quarters on the morning of operations. Our railway carriage looks like an international school-room, where all nations are united in the study of a German battle-field, for on our train are the military representatives of France, England, Austria, Spain, Italy, Russia, Greece, Sweden—even Japan has her envoy, a gallant young major, for whom I feel peculiar tenderness from the fact that I had in Japan known intimately a good friend of his, and now he has promised to write to this friend in Nagasaki how he met, on a Prussian field-day, the American who once walked with him about Tokio in rice-straw slippers. Our flag was conspicuous by its absence at a time when it would have been most natural to have expected our government to have sent some officer who had served in the Shenandoah with Sheridan, and who would therefore have known how to estimate the value of German cavalry when massed as it was under the orders of the German Kaiser.

Our maps were of the very best—about twenty-eight by twenty-four inches; water, wood, and roads distinctly colored; all elevations well marked; printed on the best paper, mounted on linen, and folded into handsome little portfolios stamped with the arms of Prussia. With them we could follow the movements of the day before, and the disposition of the day to come, as though we saw each house and hillock of the neighborhood; and it is an open secret that this charming little map is the type of equally charming little maps covering not only all Germany, but Russia, France, and many other countries about which the Father-land cherishes an unquenchable curiosity.

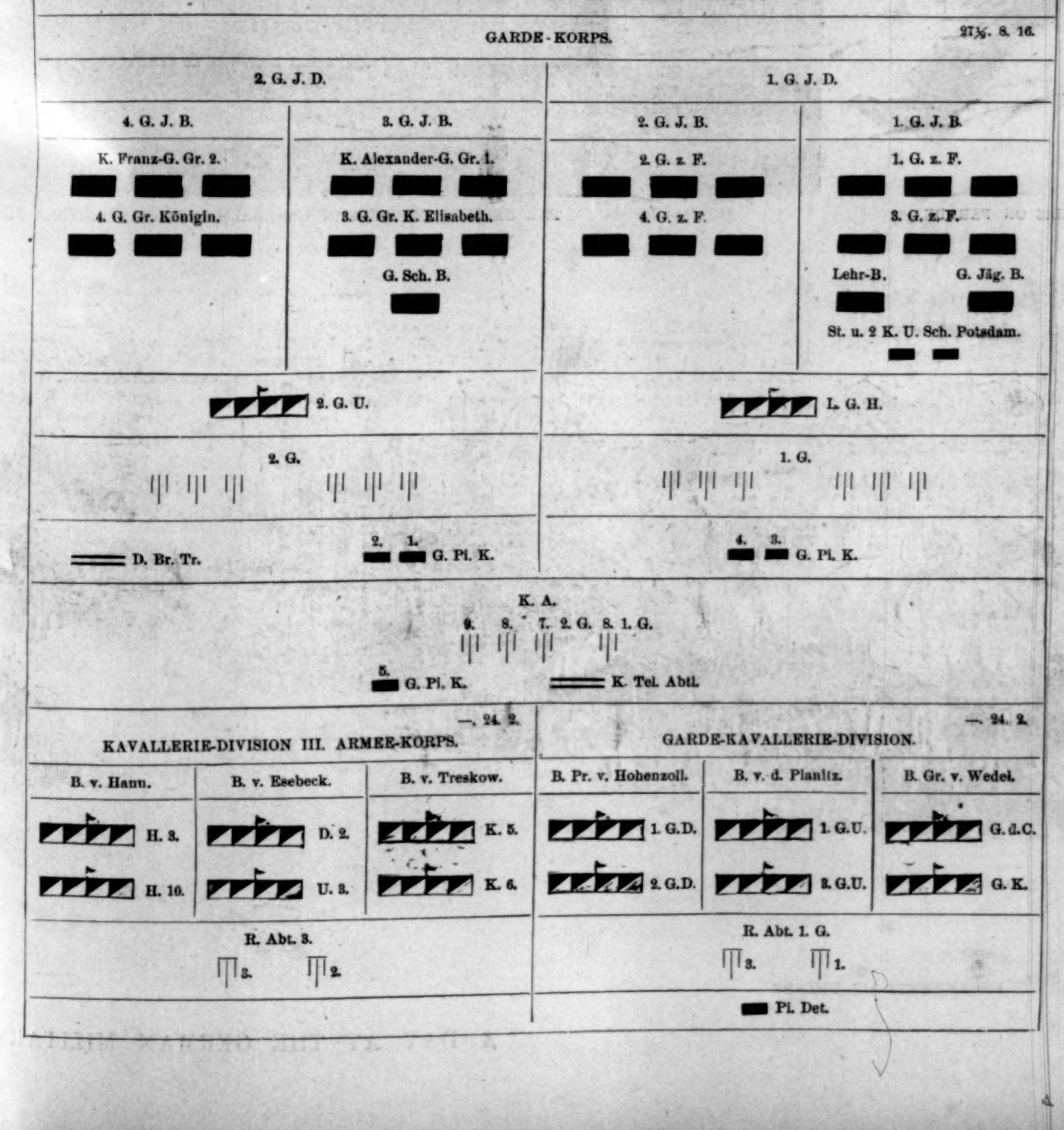
On this particular day the general idea to be worked out was the best means of meeting an army approaching Berlin by way of Russia—which we shall call the eastern army, in contradistinction from the west army marching from Berlin to defend the capital.

As we step into our railway carriages, the officers detailed to look after us hand us, with the maps, the orders for the day as issued by the leaders of the two armies, and the synopsis of the troops in each army. Each day these documents form the absorbing theme of our journey to the battle-field. As a sample, here is the synopsis for the troops of the eastern army in the operations of September 14th, which will be readily legible with a word of explanation:

The Garde Corps includes twenty-seven and one-half infantry battalions, eight squadrons of cavalry, and sixteen batteries. This much is indicated by the first line.

The line down the centre divides the Garde Corps into the Second Garde Infantry Division and First Garde Infantry Division. These divisions, in turn, are divided into Fourth Garde Infantry Brigade, Third, Second, and First brigades.

COMPOSITION OF THE EASTERN ARMY.



These brigades, counting from the left, represent the two regiments, each regiment having its three battalions marked by the black square. In Germany twelve companies make the regiment, four companies the battalion, which is the infantry unit, and in war time equal to one thousand men; three thousand, therefore, to the regiment. This gives for the infantry of the Garde Corps alone more men than the whole of our standing army.

Below the infantry battalion squares come the cavalry belonging to each division, the Second Garde Uhlan Regiment on the left, represented by the four black and white squares, each square representing a squadron. On the right are the four squadrons of the Leib Garde Husaren, the Emperor's own.

Beneath the cavalry are the Second Garde Regiment of Artillery, composed of six batteries, belonging to the second division, and the First Garde Artillery Regiment, equally strong, belonging to the other division.

Beneath the artillery are a pontoon-train and two companies of Garde Pioneers for the second division, and two pioneer companies for the other division.

Below this, and belonging to the whole corps, K. A., are the Corps Artillery of four batteries, the Fifth Garde Pioneer Company, and the Telegraphic Detachment of the "Korps."

At a glance we see here the character of the German battle formation in company, battalion, squadron, battery, regiment, division, and army corps; and one can scarcely look over this diagram without being reminded of Prussia's great military reformer, Scharnhorst, who paved the way for the downfall of the great Napoleon by introducing the modern method and spirit into the armies of this Emperor's great-grandfather, and whose happiness was bound up with the tactical formation now before us.

The lower section of the diagram represents the two divisions of cavalry, each having twenty-four squadrons and two batteries of horse artillery. The three brigades of the Third Army Corps are those of Von Hann, Von Esebeck, and Von Treskow; those of the Garde Cavalry Division are led by the Prince of Hohenzollern, Von der Planitz, and Count von Wedel. The cavalry brigades, in turn, consist of two regiments of four squadrons each; commencing from the left (Von Hann's), they are: the Third Hussars, Tenth Hussars, Second Dragoons, Third Uhlans, Fifth Kürassier, Sixth Kürassier; and for the Garde Cavallerie Division, First Garde Dragoner, Second Garde Dragoner, First Garde Uhlan, Third Garde Uhlan, Garde du Corps (a crack cuirassier regiment), and Garde Kürassier Regiment.

Under each of these follow the indicated batteries of mounted artillery, with the detachment of pioneers.

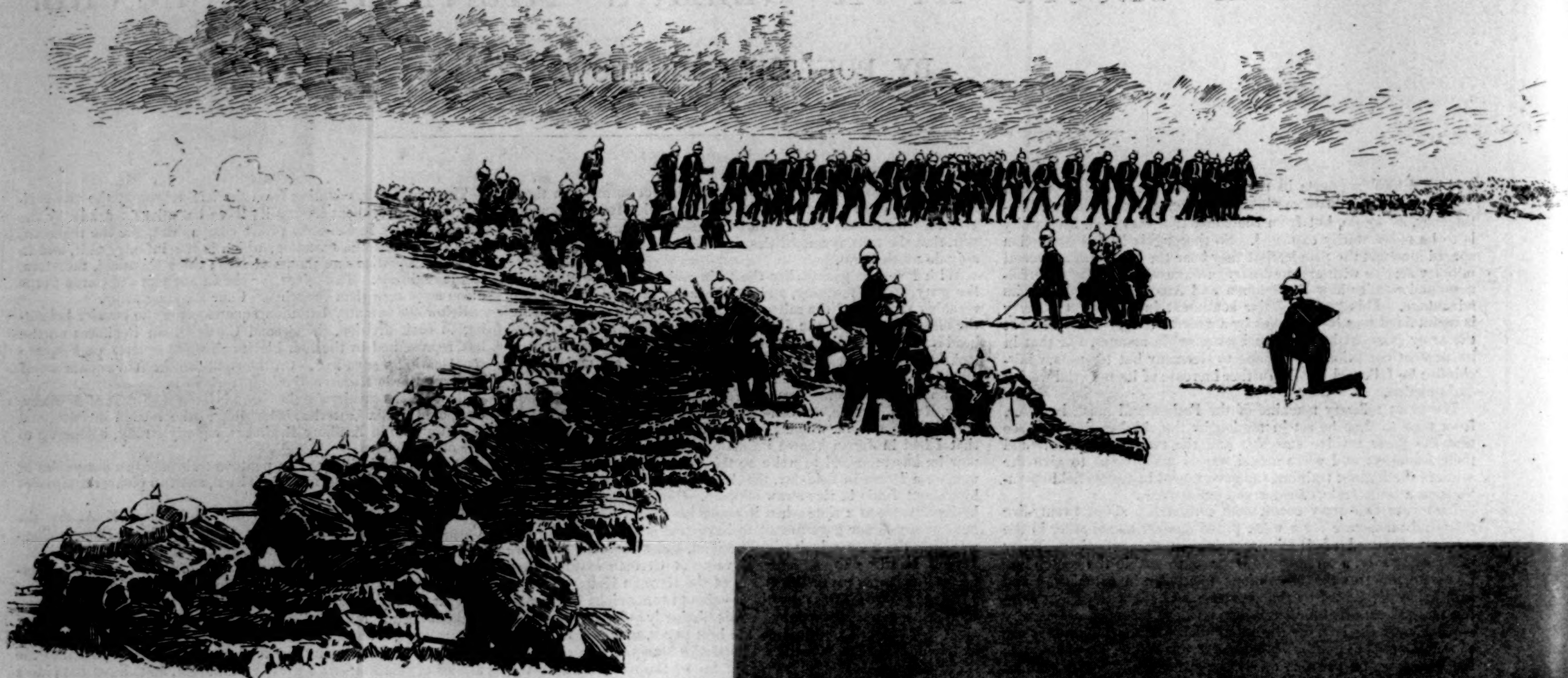
The Garde troops of Germany differ from the others, principally by superior physique and intelligence. They are mostly stationed about the capital, have exceptionally good instruction and care, and are recruited from all sections of the empire, the other regiments having a local complexion.

On this paper are, therefore, fifty-six squadrons, or fourteen regiments, of cavalry, at least ten thousand men, that are to be manœuvred in a solid body, a feat which the German papers brag about as undreamed of since the days of the great Frederick; but German editors know as little about Sheridan and Stuart as about Samoa, and therefore we must not take their brag amiss.

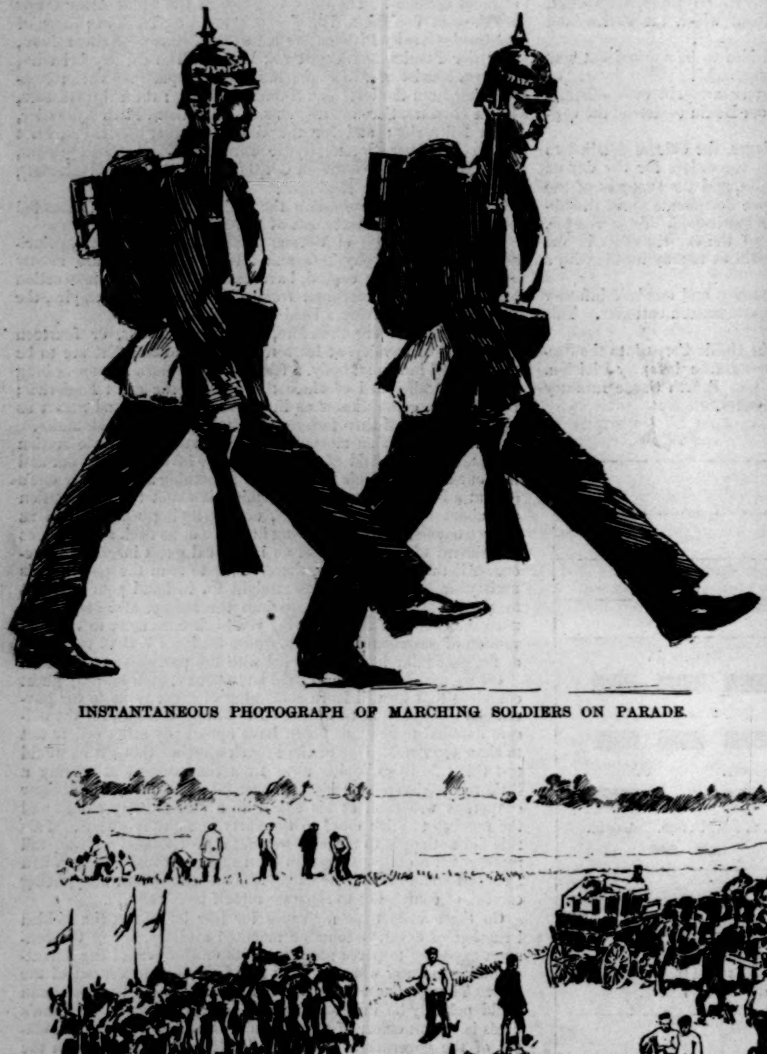
On this particular morning our train stops at a little station convenient to the field of war, and we are invited to step out and find our mounts. This operation is something like finding one's seat at a large dinner, for in a semicircle about the little station are about one hundred horses, accompanying which stand as many troopers, each horse having hung about its neck an enormous pasteboard with the name of an individual guest inscribed thereon. All that is necessary, therefore, is to scan the pasteboards until your name appears, go straight for it, hand your overcoat to the attending trooper, leap into the saddle, and stay there until the events of the day bring you back once more to the convention of pasteboard troopers, whose business it is to take care of the particular horse connected with the particular pasteboard.

Off we scamper now over field and pasture, each military guest confident that he will learn something of great value to his government, but each in turn doomed to disappointment, for the officers detailed to show us about have apparently strict orders not to show too much. One of the French attachés thought he would test this rule by galloping away from the others and making a little reconnaissance on his own account; but one of the Hussar chaperons was soon at his side with a stiff military salute, and the request to stick close to the party of military guests. This rule did not apply to me, as I was not a professional warrior, and represented no other sovereign than myself; consequently, when I chose I could make little excursions from the main body, being careful, of course, not to separate myself hopelessly.

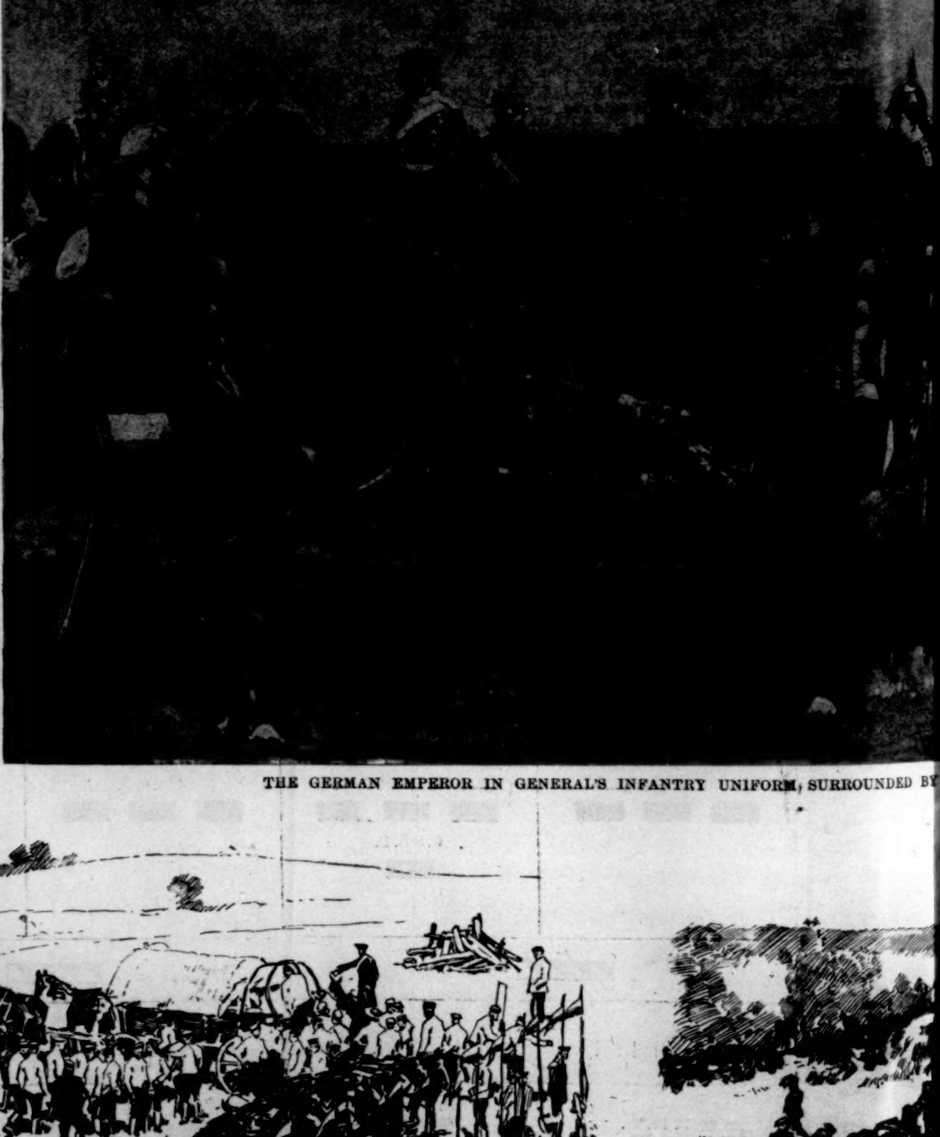
On these little trips my cause for fear lay not in the sudden irruption of cavalry scouts or mounted artillery, but in the constant exposure to peremptory requests on the part of the mounted police to know what business I had there, or to get out of the way. These requests were never made as though the policeman could possibly be in error, for in Germany the man in citizen's dress is not an officer of the government, and any one not an officer of the government is not one likely to excite respect in the breast of a gendarme. Consequently, when a mounted policeman caught me straying from the knot of foreign attachés, it was to gruffly order me away, with the gratuitously rude postscript that I had no business about there. As the time it would take to pull out my permits and have them examined would be more than I could conveniently spare, I generally managed to sheer off without having occasion to discuss the point with him, and take my own course again as soon as I was out of range. On one occasion I had a particularly favorable position, however, and when a gendarme rushed up at me with a brutally formulated order to leave the field immediately, I answered as quietly as such conditions permitted that I was in no one's way, and preferred staying where I was; hereupon the policeman rode closer, as though intending to force his horse against mine, and again ordered me away, with the statement that I had no business there. As I saw he was in earnest, I told him that I belonged to the body of foreign military guests in charge of the two officers whose names I gave him, and would rejoin them in a short time. At this he was more positive still that I was a rogue, and told me to show my papers. I answered that I had the fullest possible permits from the Secretary of War, but he would not believe me, so I commenced to unstrap my holster to find them. At this juncture, however, the Emperor, riding by with his staff, called out to me by name, and said a word or two of welcome before disappearing in a cloud of dust. That was enough for the policeman. He turned tail at once, forgot all about my papers, and has probably been since



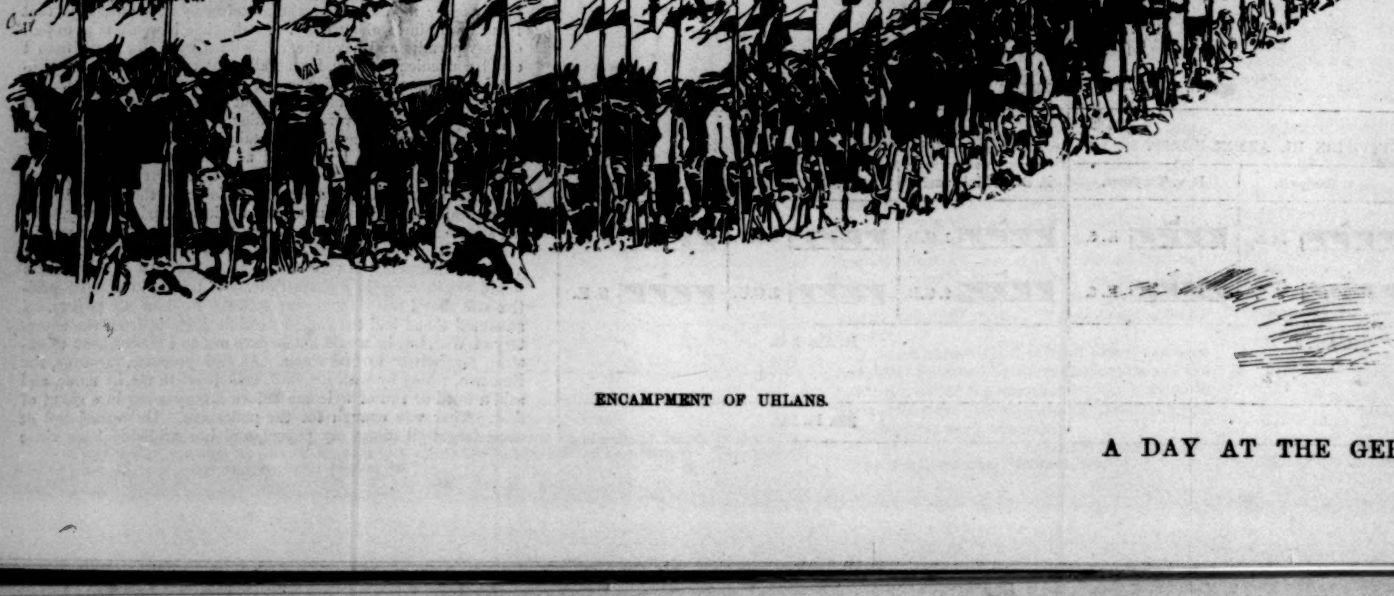
THE ENEMY (WITH WHITE COVERS TO THEIR HELMETS) FIRING AND RETIRING IN SQUADS.



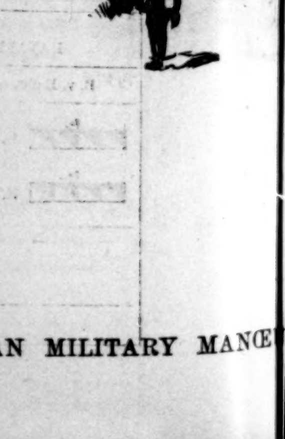
INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH OF MARCHING SOLDIERS ON PARADE.



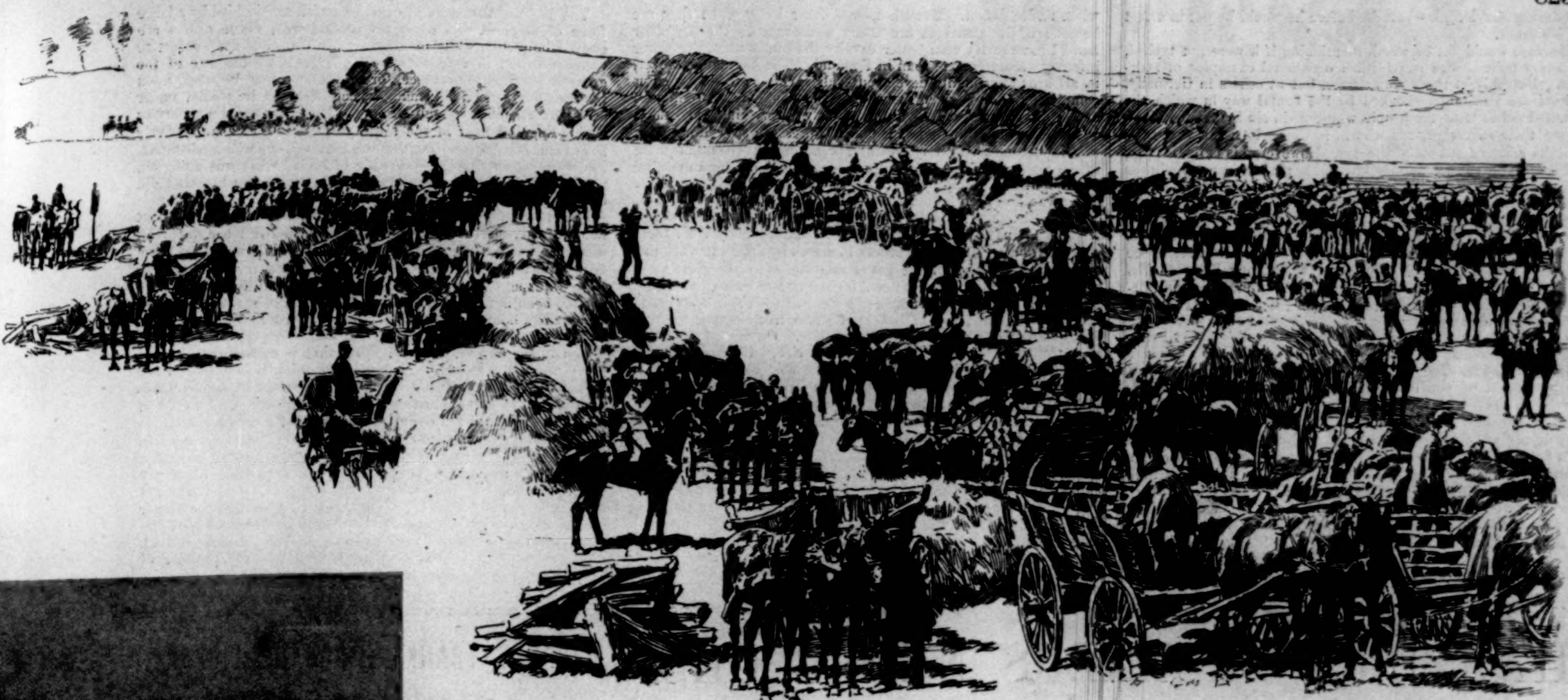
THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN GENERAL'S INFANTRY UNIFORM, SURROUNDED BY



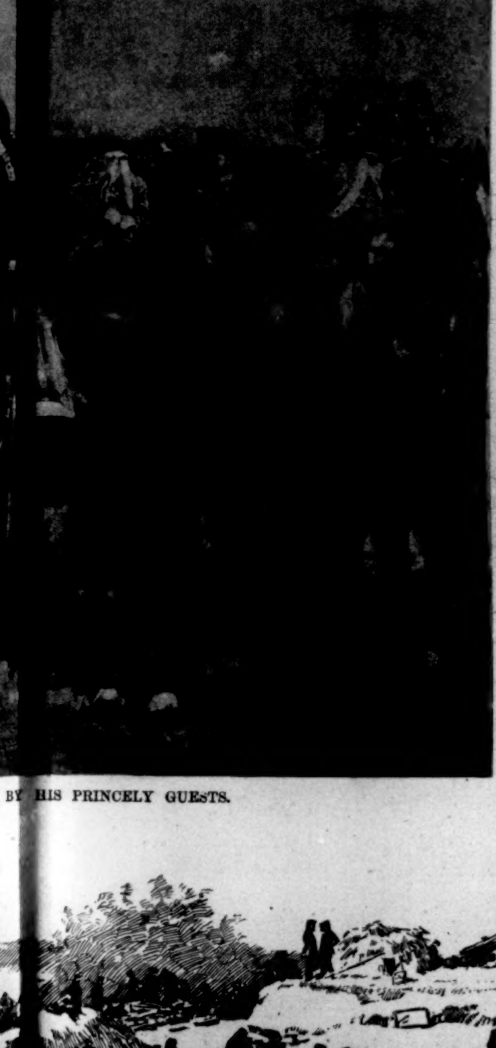
ENCAMPMENT OF UHLANS.



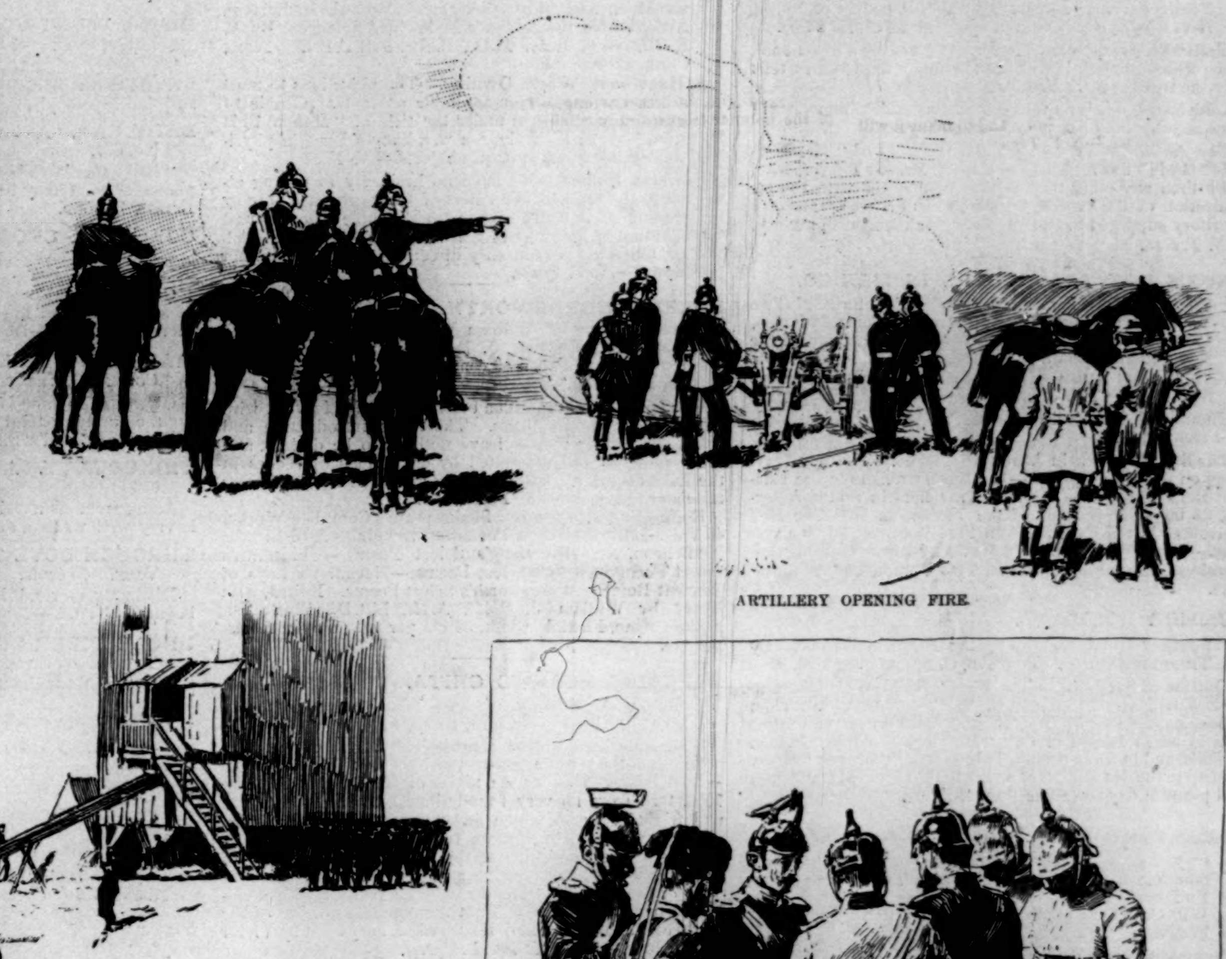
A DAY AT THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒU



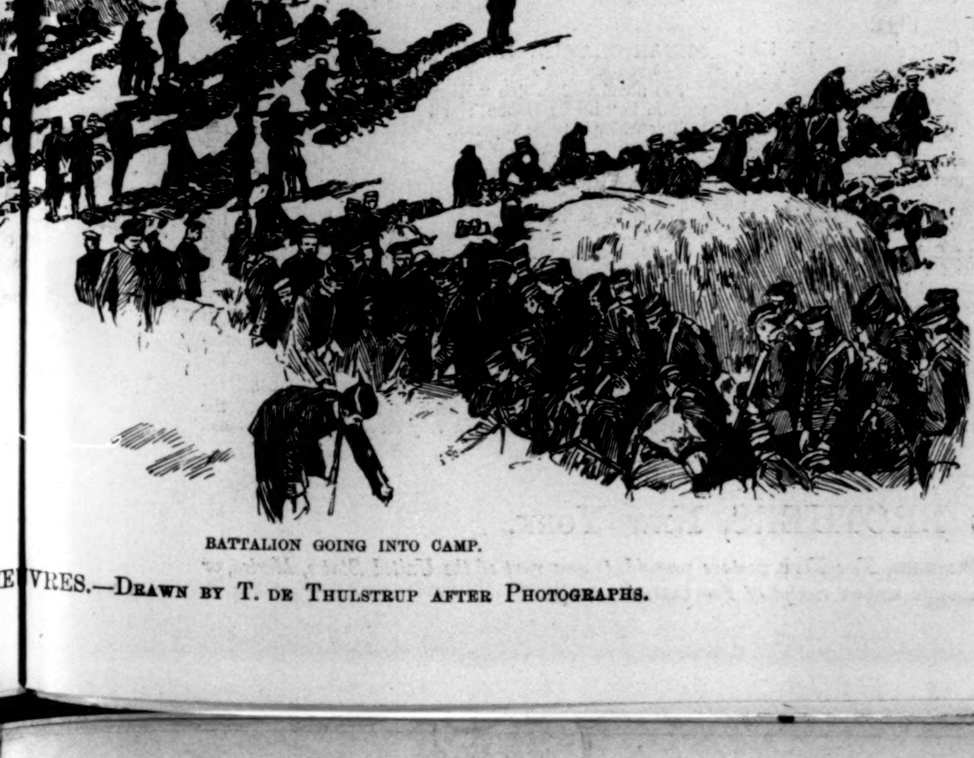
UNLOADING WOOD AND FORAGE FOR A CUIRASSIER REGIMENT.



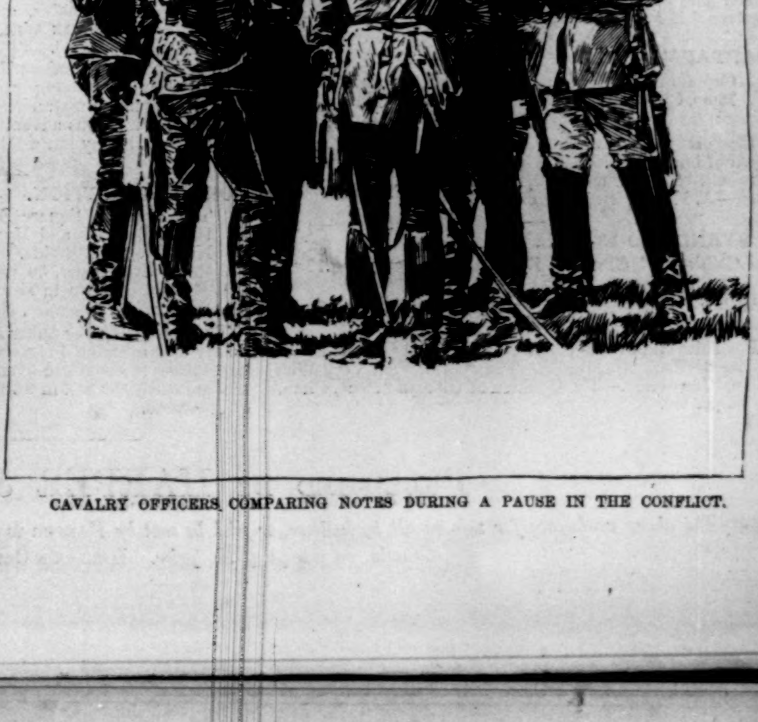
BY HIS PRINCELY GUESTS.



ARTILLERY OPENING FIRE.



BATTALION GOING INTO CAMP.



CAVALRY OFFICERS COMPARING NOTES DURING A PAUSE IN THE CONFLICT.

VRES.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup after Photographs.